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Edwards's Introduction.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

ECLECTIC READER;

A SELECTION

OF

FAMILIAR LESSONS,

SELECTED FOR

COMMON SCHOOLS.

BY R. D. EDWARDS,

EDITOR OF THE "ECLECTIC READER."

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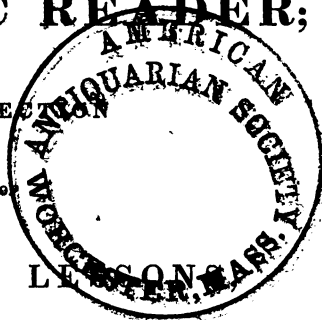
EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REGISTER.

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P R E F A C E .

THE present compilation is intended as an Introduction to the Eclectic Reader. In making the selections for both volumes, the compiler has been guided by the same general principles. It has been his endeavor to furnish specimens which would serve as models of correct composition, of enlightened sentiment, and of humble piety, and, at the same time, such as are free from all formality and stately adherence to rule. Elevated conceptions and pure taste can certainly be combined with a direct, practical, popular mode of writing.

Nearly *all* the selections in the Introduction will certainly have the advantage of novelty. The compiler has taken but *one* from any other reading book : that one is an article on agriculture, from the Appendix to the excellent Political Class Book of the Hon. William Sullivan.

A great variety of descriptive articles are inserted, illustrating the geography, and physical and moral condition, of various portions of the globe. Materials of great value, for this purpose, may be found in the journals of Christian missionaries. The compiler has

been frequently struck with the talent and taste displayed in these journals. Another copious fountain, to which he has had recourse, is the writings of Jane Taylor. Very few authors in the language have done more to benefit the young than this accomplished lady. An increasing acquaintance with her writings affords us increasing satisfaction and delight.

It will be observed, that the various lessons are broken into small paragraphs, for the sake of being read with more facility by children and youth. We were advised to *number* the successive paragraphs, but, on reflection, concluded not to do it. The common reading of persons from ten to fifteen years of age is not marked by arithmetical figures, and why should their reading lessons be? If children are interested in what they are doing, they will not need any artificial bounds and metes: if they are not interested, no Roman or Arabian characters can fix their attention.

Boston, June, 1833.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

ECLECTIC READER.

LESSON I.

Passage in the Night over Mountains.—SMITH AND DWIGHT'S ARMENIA.

JUST where we entered the mountains, perhaps an hour from Gérmercy, a little hamlet occupied a sunny nook, and charmed us by its green parterres and smiling gardens. Thence we followed up a craggy glen, by means of a tolerable carriage road, the origin of which we knew not whether to attribute to the Russians, who made here an abortive attempt to penetrate to Gümish-kháneh, or to the peasants who draw their timber from the mountains upon it with their carts.

Two hours from Gérmercy was another considerable village; and beyond, the mountains began to exhibit pines of some size, and a variety of smaller trees. At length the road ceased; and we employed the last rays of twilight in clambering up a rough and tedious glen, which led us to the top of a mountain ridge, exceedingly narrow and sharp.

In the darkness of night, the almost precipitous descent beyond seemed to lead into a bottomless abyss. Most of the company dismounted; but considering my horse surer-footed than myself, I kept my seat. How our süriyj [postilion] traced the path, or whether he actually did, we knew not, for so intense was the darkness that no path appeared. However, aided not a little by our specific gravity, we made our way rapidly downward, over rocks and stones, without accident to any one.

Proceeding thus for an hour or two, though not always with so rapid a descent, we often wished for daylight to

disclose to us the wildness of the spot, which the darkness of the night now prevented us from seeing and describing. At nine, P. M., six hours from G rmery, we reached the village of Porod r; and were first warned of the fact, by finding ourselves on the top of a house! After stumbling a while over the terraces, we obtained lodgings for the two or three hours we intended to stop. No *straw*, the usual provender, could be obtained for our horses, and, after wrangling long with our host, the s riyy, as a last resort, accepted of some *hay*!

May 6.—We were awake again at one o'clock, and started at half past three, A. M. Objects were but dimly discernible in the light of the moon and of the early dawn; and our stupid s riyy, instead of pursuing the level bed of a small river along which we travelled, led us by a goat's path up the steep face of a mountain which formed one of its banks.

The track was too narrow to afford a firm footing to the loaded horses, and they both lost their balance. One tumbled over and over into the middle of the stream below; the other, though tied to him as usual by the tail, in some way extricated himself, and, continuing upright, landed upon his feet.

The first also soon recovered himself; but his load, consisting of our most valuable clothing and books, had turned, and the bag that was lowest, became thoroughly soaked before he could be got out of the water. This stream was limpid and pure, but a similar accident had on a former occasion plunged the same bag in a warm mineral mud-puddle. The affair caused the s riyy to smart under the tartar's lash, and detained us about an hour.

We had two mountain ridges to cross during the morning, neither of them inferior to the one of last night. The passage in both cases was effected by ascending a ravine on one side, and descending another on the opposite. Between them was some cultivation, but no village appeared. Their sides were rather sparingly covered with trees; and on one were a few firs. They presented the boldest features of mountain scenery; but, notwithstanding their height, and near connection with the Giaoor-dagh to the west, very little snow lay upon them.

The last ravine, by a long and nearly a straight course, brought us suddenly upon the banks of a large stream, now swollen above its banks, and running to the left. It showed

us that we had, unawares, already begun our descent toward the Black sea, from the elevated regions over which we had so long travelled, and accounted for the novel sight of villages with fruit-gardens around them, which had attracted our notice in the ravine from which we now issued.

The narrow valley of the river, at the point where we entered it, seemed almost a paradise. The naked rocks of the cliffs that enclosed it concentrated the rays of the sun to a degree, which might in time have become oppressive, but the first feeling of which, to us, recently from such chilly regions, was like a sudden transfer from a bleak November atmosphere to a smiling morning in May.

Along the banks of the stream was a continued series of fruit-gardens, crowded with a luxuriant growth of cherry, apple, pear, walnut, peach, mulberry, and other trees, now covered with blossoms which filled the air with their odor. Among them were scattered numerous country-houses, to which their owners are attracted in winter, by the mildness of the climate of this charming valley.

We were now upon the high road from Erzroom through Baiboort to Trebizond; and every mile or two brought us to a *khan*, or shop, where provender, butter and cheese, bread and fruit, were exposed for sale. The bread was indeed coarse and black, but it was in regular loaves, such as we had not seen for many a month; and the sight and taste of well-preserved apples, on the sixth of May, was delicious. Every vestige of inhospitable Armenia and Persia was gone. They offer to the passing traveller no such conveniences as these, humble as they were.

LESSON II.

Advice to the Young.—NOAH WEBSTER.

As mankind are all one family, the rule of loving our neighbor as ourselves extends to the performance of duties of kindness, to persons of all nations, and all conditions. High and low, rich and poor, bond and free, black and white, are our brethren and *neighbors* in the sense in which Christ intended to use the word in his precept.

In regard to property, you are to pay punctually all your

just debts. By failure or delay of payment you keep that which belongs to another. If you borrow any article of your neighbor, you are to use it with care, and not injure the value of it. Heedless people, who would not steal twenty-five cents from another, often think nothing of injuring a borrowed utensil or book to twice or five times that amount.

If butter or lard is put up for a foreign or distant market, it should be put up in a good state, and the real quality should be such as it *appears* to be. If any deception is practised, by covering that which is bad by that which is good, or by other means, all the price of the article which it brings beyond the real worth, is so much money taken from the purchaser by fraud, which falls within the criminality of stealing.

A man's apples, pears, peaches and melons are as entirely his own as his goods or his coin. Every person who climbs over a fence, or enters by a gate, into another's enclosure, without permission, is a trespasser; and if he takes fruit secretly, he is a thief. It makes no difference that a pear, or an apple, or a melon, is of small value; a man has as exclusive right to a cent or a melon as he has to a dime, a dollar, or an eagle.

If, in making payment or counting money, a mistake occurs, by which a sum falls into your hands, which belongs to another person, you are as much bound to correct the mistake, and restore the money to the rightful owner, as you would be *not* to take it by theft.

When a mechanic contracts to build a house or a ship, he is bound to perform the work in the manner which is promised. If he performs the work slightly, and with workmanship inferior to that which is promised and understood at the time of contracting, he defrauds his employer.

All kinds of injury or annoyance of the peace, security, rights and prosperity of men are forbidden by the law of God. To pull down or deface a sign-board, to break or deface a mile-stone, to take the lead or other metal out of bridges, to cut and disfigure benches or tables in a school-house, court-house or church, to place obstacles in the highway, to pull down or injure fences, to tarnish the walls of a house or the boards of a fence, and other like things, are not only mean but immoral.

LESSON III.

Mocha on the Red Sea.—MODERN TRAVELLER.

WITH a fine, fair breeze, we sailed through the Gate of Tears (Bab-el-Mandeb), for so did the ancient Arabs name those narrow straits at the mouth of the Red sea, regarded by their early navigators as so perilous, and so often, indeed, fatal to their inexperience. We had a ship in company here, and loud and joyous was the greeting between the crews, as we both cast anchor in a little bay just within the lesser mouth, by which we entered.

From this anchorage, and, indeed, all the morning, while making for, and passing the straits; we had the black, lofty shore of Africa in view. We ran down upon Mocha with a full sail on the following morning. The town looks white and cheerful, the houses lofty, and have a square, solid appearance; the roadstead is almost open, being only protected by narrow spits of sand, on one of which is a round castle, and on the other an insignificant fort. A date grove adjoins the city, and extends nearly two miles along the southern beach.

So far from the seaports of Arabia and India resembling each other, to the commonly observant eye, the contrast is striking. You have turbans and loose garments, but they are different both in fashion and materials. At every step in the seaport of Arabia, you meet the black, the half-naked Abyssinian, straight as the young areca, with a nose sufficiently prominent to give expression to his features, and having his curled woolly hair died with reddish yellow, the foppery of his country. Then there is the stout Arab porter, in his coarse brown garment, bowing under a heavy load of dates.

Lastly, you have the Bedouin, with the hue of the desert on his cheek, the sinewy limb, the eye dark and fiery. He has a small turban, a close-bodied vest, a coarse sash, all of dull colors; the arm, the leg are bare; the brown bosom open to the sun and wind; sandals on his feet; a broad, straight, two-edged sword in his hand; a long and ready poniard in his girdle. He walks erect, and moves directly to his front, giving place to none. Though every where sur-

rounded by Persian or Turkish despots, he looks, and he can boast, that he is personally free.

The Arabs, when very young, have an expressive, but mild countenance, and a pleasing eye. As they become men, the change is very disadvantageous; their figures are not good, and the beard is generally scanty; but in advanced age, their appearance is truly venerable. The fine dark eye is then admirably contrasted with the long white beard, and the loose drapery prevents the meagre figure from being observed.

The Arabs in general seem to care very little about their religion. Superstitious followers of Mohammed, many of them do not obey one moral precept of the Koran; and though they perform the prescribed ablutions with strict regularity, yet there is hardly a vice, natural or unnatural, which they do not practise and avow.

The Arabs have essentially altered their conduct towards Christians, who may now walk about the streets of their towns without being liable to insult. The different events which have taken place in India, and which have so conspicuously elevated the cross above the crescent, have struck a panic to the heart of the Mohammedan throughout the East.

The Jews are looked upon with an evil eye at Mocha. The Arab may spit upon, and strike them, and they are not allowed to wear a turban. Many of them gain a livelihood by working as goldsmiths and jewellers. They have a synagogue, built of mud, small and mean.

LESSON IV.

Short Sentences.—JOHN MASON.

It signifies nothing to say we will not change our *religion*, if our religion change not *us*.

A desire of happiness is natural, a desire of holiness supernatural.

If you forget God when you are young, God may forget you when you are old.

It will cost something to be religious, it will cost more not to be so.

We may expect God's *protection* so long as we live in God's *bounds*.

They who deserve *nothing*, should be content with any thing.

A man may be poor in purse, yet proud in spirit.

How canst thou be a judge of another's heart, that dost not know thine own.

They that do nothing are in the ready way to do that which is worse than nothing.

Christian graces are like perfumes; the more they are pressed, the sweeter they smell; like stars, that shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken, the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear.

Sin is like a bee, with honey in its mouth, but a sting in its tail.

As every shred of gold is precious, so is every moment of time.

As they who, for every slight infirmity, take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it, so they who, for every trifle, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

LESSON V.

The American Blue Jay.—WILSON.

"THIS elegant bird," says Wilson, "which, as far as I can learn, is peculiar to North America, is distinguished among the feathered tenants of our woods, by the brilliancy of his dress, and, like most coxcombs, makes himself still more conspicuous by his loquacity, and the address of his tones and gestures.

"The jay measures eleven inches in length; the head is ornamented with a crest of light blue or purple feathers, which he can elevate or depress at pleasure; a narrow line of black runs along the frontlet; back and upper part of the neck a fine light purple; a collar of black, proceeding from the back side of the head, passes with a graceful curve down each side of the neck, to the upper part of the breast, where it forms a crescent; chin, cheeks, throat and belly white, the three former slightly tinged with blue; tail long and wedge-shaped, composed of twelve feathers of glossy light

blue, marked at half-inches with transverse curves of black; breast and sides, under the wings, a dirty white, faintly stained with purple; inside of the mouth, the tongue, bill, legs and claws, black; iris of the eye, hazle.

"A blue jay, which I have kept for some time, and with whom I am on terms of familiarity, is a very notable example of mildness of disposition and sociability of manners. An accident in the woods first put me in possession of this bird, while in full plumage, and in high health and spirits. I carried him home with me, and put him into a cage already occupied by a gold-winged woodpecker, where he was saluted with such rudeness, from the lord of the manor, for entering his premises, that, to save his life, I was obliged to take him out again.

"I then put him into another cage, where the only tenant was a female orchard oriole. She also put on airs of alarm, as if she considered herself endangered and insulted by the intrusion; the jay, meanwhile, sat mute and motionless on the bottom of the cage, either dubious of his own situation, or willing to allow time for the fears of his neighbor to subside.

"Accordingly, in a few minutes after, displaying various threatening gestures (like some of those Indians we read of in their first interviews with the whites), she began to make her approaches, but with great circumspection, and readiness to retreat. Seeing, however, the jay begin to pick up some crumbs of broken chestnuts in a humble and peaceable way, she also descended, and began to do the same, but, at the slightest motion of her new guest, wheeled round, and put herself on the defensive.

"All this ceremonious jealousy vanished before evening, and they now roost together, feed and play together in perfect harmony and good humor. When the jay goes to drink, his messmate very impudently jumps into the water to wash herself, throwing the water in showers over her companion, who bears it all patiently, venturing now and then to take a sip between every splash, without betraying the smallest token of irritation.

"On the contrary, he seems to take pleasure in his little fellow prisoner, allowing her to perch (which she does very gently) about his whiskers, and to clean his claws from the minute fragments of chestnuts which happen to adhere to them. This attachment on the one part, and mild, conde-

scending treatment on the other, may, perhaps, be partly the effect of mutual misfortunes, which are found not only to knit mankind, but many species of inferior animals, more closely together, and shows that the disposition of the blue jay may be humanized, and rendered susceptible of affectionate impressions even for those birds which, in a state of nature, he would have no hesitation in making a meal of."

LESSON VI.

Address to a Child, during a boisterous Winter Evening.—
ANONYMOUS.

WHAT way does the wind come? what way does he go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale, and o'er rocky height,
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight.

He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp larum; but if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.

Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
Yet seek him, and what shall you find in the place?
Nothing but silence and empty space,
Save in a corner a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left for a bed, for beggars or thieves!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle.

But let him range round ; he does us no harm ;
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm ;
Untouched by his breath, see the candle shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light ;
Books have we to read—hush—that half-stifed knell,
Methinks 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

LESSON VII.

Travelling in Asia Minor.—SMITH AND DWIGHT.

OUR morning stage was ten hours. For the first four, we rode over a broken tract of the richest soil, covered with a thick growth of beech, maple, oak and other forest trees, that, overshadowing the road, transported me, in imagination, to the recently-settled parts of the United States, and in one place a cultivated field, covered with *girdled* trees, quite completed the deception. My companion was strongly reminded, by the whole aspect of the country, of the western part of New York, a region endeared to him, not only by its fertility and beauty, but also by the tender associations of home.

The trees became less thick as we advanced, and, in an hour and a half more, crossing the great Melán, here running northward, we entered an extensive and most fertile alluvial plain, partially cultivated, and thinly shaded with large white walnuts. The hollow trunk of one of them was the house of a Turkish saint.

By having a fire always ready to light the pipe, and a jug of water to quench the thirst of the traveller, and by his comic singing and gestures, plainly indicative of lunacy or foolishness, he obtained in charity sufficient to sustain a life to which the Turks attach an idea of great sanctity. I was surprised to see our tartar, as a salutation, seize him rudely by the beard ; but he immediately drew it to his mouth, and, by kissing it, turned what otherwise would have been the most intolerable of insults, into an act of the greatest veneration.

Although the mountain range, which had continued on the right from Isnikmíd, here exhibited upon its top some drifts of snow, this low plain, under the rays of the sun,

from which, until to-day, the clouds had shielded us, was excessively hot; and we were not sorry to be detained at the post-house for horses some five or six hours in the heat of the day.

We now *travel tartar* in fine style, and I must invite you to look at us as we move over these naked plains. Two horses, the first led by a *sürîjy* (Turkish postilion) upon a separate animal, and the second tied by his halter to the tail of his companion, carry our baggage. Our tartar, with a *kalpak* (cap) of black lambskin upon his head, some twelve or fifteen inches in length, looking much like a stove-pipe, with a yellow cushion stuffed into its upper extremity, and a heavy whip in his hand, to give force to his frequent exclamation of *haideh*, rides by their side.

We, metamorphosed into Turks, with unshaven lip and turbaned head, bring up the rear. Every stage, often thirty miles or more, is travelled without allowing our horses a drop of water, and our gait is frequently a rapid gallop; in enduring which, the loaded animals, especially, exhibit a strength and hardiness that quite astonish us. Besides the smart of the tartar's lash, the weight of their load, and the swiftness of their gait, they are subject to many cruel accidents.

A false step, in such rapid travelling, often causes one to stumble, and the other, tied as he is to him, is most ungently and unceremoniously arrested; or, if the ground is hilly, one sometimes rolls down a declivity, and drags his companion reluctantly after him. Their motion is so great, that, snugly as our baggage is packed, not a stage is passed without its turning more than once, so as to bring the girth, sustaining the whole weight of the load, suddenly across the poor animal's back, often already completely excoriated by the chafing of the saddle.

LESSON VIII.

Anecdotes of Birds.

AN Irish peasant had discovered the eyrie of a pair of eagles, on one of the islands in the lake of Killarney; and, watching the absence of the parents, he swam to the island,

climbed to the rocks, made prize of the eaglets, and, dashing into the lake, made for the shore ; but, before he had reached it, and while only his head was above water, the eagles came, killed him on the spot, and bore off their rescued brood in triumph.

The kingfisher delights in murmuring streams and falling waters ; not, however, merely that they may soothe his ear, but for a gratification somewhat more substantial. Amidst the roar of a cataract, or over the foam of a torrent, he sits perched upon an overhanging bough, glancing his piercing eye in every direction below, for his scaly prey, which, with a sudden circular plunge, he sweeps up from their native element, and swallows in an instant.

The pensile grosbeak, an African bird, which is about the size of a house-sparrow, makes a basket-nest of straw and reeds, interwoven into the shape of a bag, with the entrance below, while it is fastened above to the twig of some tree, chiefly such as grow on the borders of streams. On one side of this, within, is the true nest. The bird does not build a distinct nest every year, but fastens a new one to the lower end of the old, and as many as five may be thus seen, one hanging from another. From five to six hundred such nests have been observed crowded upon one tree.

So solicitous is the Baltimore starling to procure proper materials for his nest, that, in the season of building, the women in the country are under the necessity of narrowly watching their thread that may chance to be bleaching, and the farmer to secure his young grafts, as the starling, finding the former, and the strings which tie the latter, so well adapted to his purpose, frequently carries off both ; or, should the one be too heavy, and the other too firmly tied, he will work at them for some time before he gives up the attempt. Skeins of silk and hanks of thread have often been found hanging round his nest.

Southey says that, in Spain, the storks build their broad nests on the towers of churches, and are held sacred. At Seville, almost every tower in the city is peopled with them, and they return annually to the same nests. One of the causes of their being so much respected, is, that they destroy all the vermin on the tops of the houses. They are so numerous among the ruins of Persepolis, in Persia, that the summit of almost every pillar of those magnificent monuments of antiquity contains a stork's nest.

LESSON IX.

Infantine Inquiries.—MRS. NORTON.

TELL me, O mother ! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow gray as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door ?
Shall I look as sad, and speak as slow,
As he, when he told us his tale of woe ?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim ?
Tell me ! O mother ! shall I grow like him ?

He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent :
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest ;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he had played ;
And the tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale !

He spake of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee ;
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight ;
And pulled young flowers where they grew 'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams ;
Yet he left all these, through the earth to roam ;
Why, O mother ! did he leave his home ?

Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child ;
The fancies of youth in age are beguiled ;—
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn gray,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away !
There's a land, of which you have heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek ;
But in joy they live, fair boy, like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be !

For he knew that those with whom he had played,
In his heart's young joy, 'neath the cottage shade,

Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth,
Whose names from the world hath passed away,
As flowers from the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One !

Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where Want with his pale train never may come,
Oh ! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest ;
For He who made them poor, may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with wo, in the world's bleak wild ;—
Oh ! soften the griefs of the poor, my child !

LESSON X.

Pocahontas.—THATCHER.

THIS beautiful and amiable woman, whom John Smith, in the excess of his admiration, styles "the Numpariel of Virginia," has been distinguished in modern times, chiefly, by that single, extraordinary act of courage and humanity, to which the gallant historian was indebted for the preservation of his life. But this was by no means the only evidence of these noble qualities which history has preserved.

In the earliest and most gloomy days of the settlement, immediately after Smith's return from his captivity, the liberal and thoughtful kindness of Pocahontas went very far to cheer the desponding hearts of the colonists, as well as to relieve their actual necessities. She came into Jamestown, with her attendants, once in every four or five days, for a long time, and brought with her supplies of provisions, by which many lives are stated to have been saved.

On one occasion, when Smith quartered over night near the residence of her father, "Pocahontas," says the historian, "in that dark night, came through the irksome woods, and told our captain great cheer should be sent us by and by ; but Powhatan and all the power he could make, would after come and kill us all, if they that brought it could not

kill us with our own weapons, when we were at supper. Therefore, if we would live, she wished us presently to be gone.

"Such things as she delighted in, he would have given her, but, with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for if Powhatan should know, she were but dead, and so she ran away by herself, as she came."

She was soon afterwards married to Rolfe. In the course of a year or two, the young bride became quite an adept in the English language and manners, and was well instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. She was entitled by her new acquaintances, the lady *Rebecca*.

In 1616, she and her husband accompanied sir Thomas Dale to England. Pocahontas was received at court by the king and queen with the most flattering marks of attention. The princess was gratified by the kindness shown her; and those who entertained her, on the other hand, were unanimously of opinion, as Smith expresses himself, "that they had seen many English ladies worse favored, proportioned and behaved."

It is the last and saddest office of history to record the death of this incomparable woman, in about the two-and-twentieth year of her age. This event took place at Gravesend, where she was preparing to embark for Virginia, with her husband and child. They were to have gone out with captain Argall, who sailed early in 1617; and the treasurer and council of the colony had made suitable accommodations for them on board the admiral-ship. But, in the language of Smith, it pleased God to take this young lady to his mercy. He adds, that she made not more sorrow for her unexpected death, than joy to the beholders, to hear and see her make so religious and godly an end.

Smith also records that she died as she had lived—a most sincere and pious Christian. The expression of a later historian is, that her death was a happy mixture of Indian fortitude and Christian submission, affecting all those who saw her by the lively and edifying picture of piety and virtue which marked her latter moments.

Young Rolfe, her only child, was left at Plymouth, England, at first under the care of sir Lewis Steukley, and afterwards of his uncle, Henry Rolfe, of London. He became a man of eminence and fortune in Virginia. From

him are descended some of the most respectable families in that state.

LESSON XI.

Felix Neff with his Laborers on the High Alps.—GILLY.

ONE of the principal resources of the valley of Fressinière is the breeding and pasturage of cattle. But the winter is so long, and the tracts of land capable of producing fodder are so scanty, that every blade of grass that can be raised, and made into hay, is a very treasure. A dry summer often left them unprovided with hay, and compelled the poor creatures to part with their stock at an inadequate price. Neff's eye perceived that a direction might be given to the streams in one part, which would improve the ground in another, and furnish the proprietors with constant means of keeping the grass fresh and moist. But he found the utmost difficulty in explaining the simplest principles of hydraulics, and in persuading his ignorant listeners that the water might be made to rise and fall, and dammed up and distributed, accordingly as it might be required for use. The imaginary expense stared them in the face like certain ruin; and the labor appalled them, as being perfectly insuperable.

When their pastor first advised them to construct the canals necessary for the purpose, they absolutely refused to attempt it, and he was obliged to tell them that they were equally deaf to temporal and spiritual counsel.

Pointing to the rushing waters which were capable of being diverted from their course to the parched and sterile soil which he wished to see improved, he exclaimed, "You make as little use of those ample streams, as you do of the water of life: God has vouchsafed to offer you both in abundance; but your pastures, like your hearts, are languishing with drought!"

In the spring of 1825, there had been so little snow, that there was every appearance of the soil yielding even less than its usual scanty increase: its wonted supply of moisture had failed. Neff took advantage of the state of the season, and once more pressed them to adopt his mode of

irrigation. But still the reluctance and the excuses were the same.

If the canals and aqueducts were made, they would soon get out of order: if one proprietor adopted them, another would not: the next neighbor would not permit them to cross his land, and one opponent of the measure might stop the whole proceeding: but if all should agree, and the work were to be brought to a happy conclusion, an avalanche, or a crumbling mass of granite, would soon crush or interrupt the constructions, and reduce them to their old condition.

In vain did the pastor endeavor to convince them of the weakness of these arguments, particularly of the last; they might as well refuse to plant and sow, or to build houses, for nothing was safe from avalanches. Finding that he could not prevail, when he addressed them in a body, he took them separately, and asked, "Will you consent if your neighbor will? Will you put your shoulder to the work if the occupiers of the next property will join you?"

They were ashamed to refuse when they were thus personally appealed to, and an unwilling acquiescence was thus gradually obtained. But then arose another more formidable objection—"Suppose the aqueducts are completed, and the water flows, will the distribution be equal? Will not my neighbor get more of the water than I shall? How do I know that he will not exhaust the supply, before my land has a drop."

Neff was too ready at expedients to be easily foiled. He proposed that there should be a committee and an arbitrator, to determine what share of the public benefit each occupier should enjoy, and how long, and on what days, and at what hours, the stream should be permitted to pour its waters into the different sections and branches of its courses.

At length all preliminaries were settled, and the work was to be done. The line was marked out, and the proprietors consented that the main channel should cross and recross their lands, accordingly as it should be required. But again there was some demur. The people would only labor at that part of the construction which was to irrigate their own ground. "Be it so," said Neff; "only let us make a beginning." He saw that he could easily bring

them to good humor and compliance, if he could only once set them on.

Every thing having been arranged, the working party, consisting of forty, met at day-break, and, with the pastor at their head, proceeded to examine the remains of an ancient aqueduct, which it was thought might be rendered available to their purpose, if they could so far make out its line as to follow its direction. Some few traces were discernible, but the sight of them seemed to dishearten rather than encourage the conscripts.

"We shall be three days," said one, "before we can complete this part of our work!"

"It will take us not less than six!" said another; "Ten!" said a third.

"Not quite so many," said the pastor mildly, and with his benevolent smile.

Neff divided his troop into little detachments, of five or six, with a commander at the head of each, and, taking upon himself the direction in chief, he allotted a distinct proportion of the work to each.

Presently all were busy, some digging and excavating, others clearing away; the pastor himself was at one time plying with his pickaxe, and another time moving from place to place, and superintending the progress of others.

At ten o'clock, the party expressed a desire to discontinue their labor, and go home to their breakfast. But this would not do for their chief. He foresaw that there would be stragglers, and perhaps deserters, if they should once lose sight of each other; therefore, still setting them the example, he sent for his own breakfast, continued at his work, and persuaded the rest to do the same.

On the third and on the following days, small transverse lines were formed, and a long channel was made across the face of the mountain, to supply three village fountains with water. This last was a very formidable enterprise. It was necessary to undermine the rock, to blast it, and to construct a passage for the stream in granite of the very hardest kind. "I had never done any thing like it before," is the pastor's note upon this achievement, "but it was necessary to assume an air of scientific confidence, and to give my orders like an experienced engineer."

The work was brought to a most prosperous issue, and

the pastor was thenceforward a sovereign, who reigned so triumphantly and absolutely, that his word was law.

LESSON XII.

Anecdotes of the Whale Fishery.

WHEN engaged in the pursuit of a large whale, it is a necessary precaution for two boats at all times to proceed in company, that the one may be able to assist the other, on any emergency.

With this principle in view, two boats from the Esk were sent out in chase of some large whales, on the thirteenth of June, 1814. No ice was in sight. The boats had proceeded some time together, when they separated, in pursuit of two whales, not far distant from each other; but, by a singular coincidence, the harpooners each struck his fish at the same moment.

They were a mile from the ship. Urgent signals for assistance were displayed by each boat, and in a few minutes one of the harpooners was obliged to slip the end of his line. Fortunately the other fish did not descend so deep, and the lines in the boat proved adequate for the occasion. One of the fish being then supposed to be lost, five of the boats out of seven attended on the fish which yet remained entangled, and speedily killed it.

Those employed in the occupation of killing whales, are, when actually engaged, exposed to danger from three sources, viz. from the ice, from the climate, and from the whales themselves.

The ice is a source of danger to the fishers from overhanging masses falling upon them; from the approximation of large sheets of ice to each other, which are apt to crush or upset the boats; from their boats being stove and sunk by large masses of ice, agitated by a swell; and from the boats being enclosed and beset in a pack of ice, and their crews thus prevented from joining their ships.

A harpooner belonging to the Henrietta, of Whitby, when engaged in lancing a whale, into which he had previously struck a harpoon, incautiously cast a little line under his

feet that he had just hauled into the boat, after it had been drawn out by the fish.

A painful stroke of his lance induced the whale to dart suddenly downward; his line began to run out from beneath his feet, and in an instant caught him by a turn round his body. He had but just time to cry out, "Clear away the line; O dear!" when he was almost cut asunder, dragged overboard, and never seen afterwards. The line was cut at the moment, but without avail. The fish descended a considerable depth, and died; from whence it was drawn to the surface by the lines connected with it, and secured.

A remarkable instance of the power which the whale possesses in its tail, was exhibited in the year 1807. On the twenty-ninth of May, a whale was harpooned by an officer belonging to the *Resolution*. It descended a considerable depth; and, on its reappearance, evinced an uncommon degree of irritation.

It made such a display of its fins and tail, that few of the crew were hardy enough to approach it. The captain (captain Scoresby's father), observing their timidity, called a boat, and himself struck a second harpoon. Another boat immediately followed, and unfortunately advanced too far. The tail was again reared into the air in a terrific attitude, —the impending blow was evident,—the harpooner, who was directly underneath, leaped overboard,—and, the next moment, the threatened stroke was impressed on the centre of the boat, which it buried in the water.

Happily no one was injured. The harpooner who leaped overboard escaped certain death by the act,—the tail having struck the very spot on which he stood. The effects of the blow were astonishing. The keel was broken, the gunwales and every plank excepting two were cut through. The boat was rendered useless.

LESSON XIII.

Colloquy on the Elephant.—GALLAUDETT.

Robert. MOTHER, I have been to see an elephant this morning. He is a very wonderful animal. I thought, at first, he looked very ugly and frightful, he was so large, and

heavy, and clumsy. I was a good deal afraid of him. But pretty soon, when the keeper spoke to him, and told him to do some things, I found that he was very gentle, and kind, and that he was not so awkward as I, at first, thought he was. He could not do much, though; if he had not that long trunk.

Mother. That long trunk, Robert, is a very striking proof of the design, and contrivance, and skill of our Heavenly Father.

He has taken care, in a great variety of ways, to provide for the wants, and for the comfort, of beasts, and birds, and fishes, and insects, as well as for ours. And as *the end* for which he made them, is very different from that for which he made us, so he has given them bodies different from ours; and bodies exactly suited to the different places and ways in which they live.

R. The elephant, mother, has something very peculiar, indeed,—that long trunk of his.

M. Yes, and the elephant has great need of his trunk. He would be very helpless without it.

The neck of four-footed animals is usually long, in proportion to the length of their legs, so that they may be able to stoop down, and reach their food, on the ground, without difficulty.

R. Mother, I should think some animals would get very tired holding their heads down, as long as they do, to get their food.

M. It would be so, my son, but God has provided something to prevent this difficulty.

There is a tough, strong tendon, like a strap, braced from their head to the middle of the back, which supports the weight of the head; so that, although it is large and heavy, it may be held down long, without any pain or uneasiness.

God provides such things only when they are necessary; and this shows that he has a design in every thing he makes.

The elephant, as you saw, is a very tall animal, and his head is a good way from the ground; and yet his neck is very short, so that he cannot, without kneeling or lying down, bring his mouth to the ground.

— This short neck, so different from that of other animals, whose heads are far from the ground, has one great advantage. It makes it so much easier for the elephant to support the weight of his very large head and heavy tusks.

But, somehow or other, the difficulty of having so short a neck, especially in getting food and drink, was to be remedied. And the admirable trunk, which God designed and made, on purpose for the elephant, removes entirely all this difficulty. Still more, it has many advantages, very great ones too, over the long necks of other animals.

R. I saw the elephant do some things with his trunk, which other animals could not do with their long necks, and teeth, and paws, all together.

But do tell me a little more particularly about the trunk. Is it bone or flesh, mother?

M. It is not bone, my son; it is a hollow, fleshy tube, made of muscles and nerves, and covered with a skin of a blackish color; like that of the rest of the body.

R. There must be a great many muscles in it, I should think, or the elephant could not make so many different kinds of motion with it.

M. You are right, Robert. Mr. Cuvier, a very learned man in France, who knows a great deal, and has written several curious books about the different kinds of animals, tells us that he has found *there are more than thirty thousand distinct muscles in the trunk of an elephant!*

LESSON XIV.

The Death of the Flowers.—BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sear.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie
dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the
jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November
rain

Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn beauty
stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days
will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill;

The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the
leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of
ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

LESSON XV.

Hurricane in Demerara—HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THERE was a mass of clouds towering in a distant quarter of the heavens, not like a pile of snowy peaks, but now rent apart, and now tumbled together, and bathed in a dull, red light. The sun, too, looked large and red, while the objects on the summits of the hills wore a bluish cast, and looked larger and nearer than usual. There was a dead calm. The pigeon had ceased her cooing, no parrots were showing off their gaudy plumage in the sunlight, and not even the hum of the enamelled beetle was heard.

"What is the moon's age?" asked Mr. Bruce of the overseer.

"She is full to-night, sir, and a stormy night it will be, I fear." He held up his finger, and listened.

"Hark!" said Mary, "there is the thunder already."

"It is not thunder, my dear."

"It is the sea," said Louisa; "I never heard it here but once before; but I am sure it is the same sound."

"The sea, at this distance!" cried Mary.

The whites have not yet become as weatherwise, between the tropics, as the negroes; and both fall short of the foresight which might be attained, and which was actually possessed, by the original inhabitants of these countries.

A negro cannot, like them, predict a storm twelve days beforehand; but he is generally aware of its approach some hours sooner than his master. It depends upon the terms he happens to be on with the whites, whether or not he gives them the advantage of his observations.

Every star looked crimson, and had its halo like the moon. It was as if a bloody steam had gone up from the earth. Not a breath of air could yet be felt; yet here and there a cedar, taller than the rest, stooped and shivered on the summit of the hills; and the clouds, now rushing, now poised motionless, indicated a capricious commotion in the upper air.

The lightning flashes came thick and fast. Still there was neither wind nor rain; but the roar of the distant sea rose louder in the intervals of the thunder.

Suddenly, a whole field of sugar-canes whirled in the air.

Before they had time to fall, the loftiest trees of the forest were carried up in like manner. The mill disappeared, a hundred huts were levelled; there was a stunning roar, a rumbling beneath, a rushing above. The hurricane was upon them in all its fury.

The sound was hushed, and the warring lights were quenched for a time, by the deluge which poured down from the clouds. After a while, the roaring of water was heard very near, and some of the blacks separated from the rest to see in what direction the irregular torrents which usually attend a hurricane were taking their course. There was a strip of low ground between the sloping field where the negroes were collected, and the opposite hill, and through the middle of this ground a river rushed along where a river had never been seen before. A tree was still standing here and there in the midst of the foaming waters, and what had, a few minutes ago, been a hillock with a few shrubs growing out of it, was now an island.

The negroes thought they heard a shout from this island, and then supposed it must be fancy; but when the clouds were swept away, and allowed the moon to look down for a moment, they saw that some one was certainly there, clinging to the shrubs, and in imminent peril of being carried away, if the stream should continue to rise.

It was Horner, the overseer, who was making his way to the field when the waters overtook him in the low ground, and drove him to the hillock to seek a safety which was likely to be short enough. The waters rose every moment; and, though the distance was not thirty feet from the hillock to the sloping bank on which the negroes had now ranged themselves to watch his fate, the waves dashed through in so furious a current, that he did not dare to commit himself to them.

Another gale came. The tree in which Horner had found refuge bowed, cracked,—but before it fell, the wretch was blown from it like a flake of foam, and swallowed up finally in the surge beneath.

LESSON XVI.

Convent of Mount Sinai.—BURCKHARDT.

THE convent of mount Sinai is situated in a valley, so narrow that one part of the building stands on the side of the western mountain, while a space of twenty paces only is left between its walls and the eastern mountain. The valley is open to the north, from whence approaches the road from Cairo ; to the south, close behind the convent, it is shut up by a third mountain, less steep than the other, over which passes the road to Sherm.

The convent is an irregular quadrangle, of about one hundred and thirty paces, enclosed by high and solid walls, built with blocks of granite, and fortified with several small towers. The convent contains eight or ten small courtyards, some of which are neatly laid out in beds of flowers and vegetables ; a few date-trees and cypresses also grow there, and great numbers of vines. The distribution of the interior is very irregular, and cannot be otherwise, considering the slope on which the building stands, but the whole is very clean and neat. There are a great number of small rooms in the upper and lower stories, most of which are at present unoccupied.

The principal building in the interior is the great church, which, as well as the convent, was built by the emperor Justinian, but it has subsequently undergone frequent repairs. The form of the church is an oblong square ; the roof is supported by a double row of fine granite pillars, which have been covered with a coat of white plaster, perhaps because the natural color of the stone was not agreeable to the monks, who saw granite on every side of them.

The dome over the altar still remains as it was constructed by Justinian, whose portrait, together with that of his wife, Theodora, may yet be distinguished on the dome, together with a large picture of the transfiguration, in honor of which event the convent was erected. An abundance of silver lamps, paintings and portraits of saints adorn the walls round the altar. The floor of the church is finely paved with slabs of white marble.

In a small chapel, adjoining the church, is shown the place where the Lord is supposed to have appeared to Moses

in the burning bush. It is considered as the most holy spot in mount Sinai. Besides the great church, there are twenty-seven smaller churches, in many of which daily masses are read, and, in all of them, at least one every Sunday.

The convent formerly resembled, in its establishment, that of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, which contains churches of various sects of Christians. Every principal sect, except the Calvinists and Protestants, had its churches in the convent of Sinai. But what is more remarkable than the existence of so many churches is, that, close by the great church, stands a Mohammedan mosque, spacious enough to contain two hundred people at prayers.

In the convent are two deep and copious wells of spring water. One of them is called the well of Moses, because it is said that he first drank of its water.

None of the churches or chapels have steeples. There is a bell, which, I believe, is rung only on Sundays. The usual mode of calling the monks to morning prayers, is by striking with a stick upon a long piece of granite, suspended from ropes, which produces a sound heard all over the convent; close by it hangs a piece of dry wood, which emits a different sound, and summons to vespers.

LESSON XVII.

The Little Slave.—HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HESTER was only ten years old when she was first put under old Robert and Sukey, according to the custom by which novices in bondage are made to serve a sort of apprenticeship to those who have been longer under the yoke. The children prefer, at the outset, being instructed by their own people; and the elderly people find pleasure, some in the exercise of authority, and others in reviving their impressions of their own young days of friendless slavery.

Little Hester seemed to wither fast under the treatment of her master and mistress, as they called themselves; but a tone of voice gentler than usual, a mild word, a look of encouragement, would revive and strengthen her till the next gleam came. There was no end to her troubles but

in sleep, and she never slept without dreading the waking. Wearied as she was when she laid herself down on her mat, she was apt to sleep as long as the old people ; and if she ever failed to jump up when the gong sounded, Robert was sure either to throw cold water over her, or to touch her feet with a blazing piece of wood from the fire, and to laugh at her start and cry.

However tired, at noon, she must cook the mess of vegetables, and feed the pigs, and run hither and thither in the broiling sun. However dewy the evening, she must stand in the grass and pluck as much as she could carry ; and, having carried it, must be kept the last, as she was the youngest, before she was relieved of her burden. When she came home, damp and shivering, she was thrust from the fire ; and, creeping under her mat, lay awake until the smoke hung thick enough round her to warm her, and make her forget her bodily hunger, and her cravings of the heart, in sleep.

These cravings of the heart were her worst misery ; for she had known what it was to be cherished, and to love in return. Of her father she remembered little. He had been executed for taking part in an insurrection when she was very young ; but her mother and she had lived together till lately. She had seen her mother die, and had stood by the grave where she was buried ; yet she awoke every morning expecting to see her leaning over the mat.

She dreamed almost every night that her arm was round her mother's neck, and that her mother sang to her, or that they were going together to find out the country where her father was waiting for them ; but as often as she awoke, she saw old Robert's ugly face instead, as he stood with his red and blue cap on, mocking her, or heard both shouting the hymns which she hated because they were sung on Sundays, when she was more unhappy than on other days, being tormented at home, and just as much overworked as in the field, without any one to pity her or speak for her.

Cassius now and then took her into his ground and gave her some fruit ; and he had once stopped Sukey when he thought she had beat the girl enough ; but his respect for the aged prevented his seeing how cruel these people were ; and, supposing that the poor child would be a slave all her days, he did not make her discontented with her condition.

LESSON XVIII.

The Murdered Traveller.—BRYANT.

SOME years since, in the month of May, the remains of a human body, partly devoured by wild animals, were found in a woody ravine, near a solitary road passing between the mountains west of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. It was supposed that the person came to his death by violence; but no traces could be discovered of his murderers. It was only recollected that one evening, in the course of the previous winter, a traveller had stopped at an inn in the village of West Stockbridge, that he had inquired the way to Stockbridge, and that, in paying the innkeeper for something he had ordered, it appeared that he had a considerable sum of money in his possession.

Two ill-looking men were present, and went out about the same time the traveller proceeded on his journey. During the winter, also, two men, of shabby appearance, but plentifully supplied with money, had lingered for awhile about the village of Stockbridge. Several years afterwards, a criminal, about to be executed for a capital offence in Canada, confessed that he had been concerned in murdering a traveller in Stockbridge for the sake of his money. Nothing was ever discovered respecting the name or residence of the person murdered.

When spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And, fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset ;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead ;—

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home ;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died,
Far down that narrow glen.

LESSON XIX.

On Intellectual Taste.—JANE TAYLOR.

WHEN Adam and Eve first awoke to existence, and beheld the fair creation, it is not very difficult to imagine what must have been the principal subjects of their thoughts and their discourse. The Scriptures, which never descend to those particulars that are merely calculated to gratify curiosity, are silent on this subject. Yet we may infer, without any doubt, that the perfections of their Maker were

the primary objects of their regard ; and that to adore and praise him was their highest and most delightful employment.

Next to this, we may reasonably conclude that their attention was awakened to a contemplation of his works ; both in admiration of their grandeur and beauty, and in investigating both their principles and laws. When the sun, descending in a golden mist, sunk behind the groves of Paradise, can we suppose that our first parents were unaffected by the sublimity of the spectacle ? or that they beheld, without emotions of wonder, and delight, and intelligent curiosity, the moon rising in her beauty, and shedding her tender light on their peaceful plains ? When they arose, at early dawn, from tranquil sleep, while the morning stars yet sang together, would not they feel disposed, like all the sons of God, to shout with joy ?

The representations of our great poet on this subject, although they claim not the authority of inspiration, yet are so natural and affecting, that we can scarcely suppose them to differ widely from the reality. When

“ Morn, her rosy steps in th’ eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,”

Milton supposes the innocent and happy pair to unite in that sublime hymn in which the “glorious works” of the “Parent of good” are invited to be “vocal in his praise.” In this, and in all their discourses, he represents them as susceptible of all the refined pleasures of taste, and alive to high intellectual enjoyments. Indeed, to suppose them insensible to the beauties of creation, indifferent and inattentive to the grand appearances of nature, would be to conclude that, instead of being formed rational and intelligent, they were sent into existence in the condition of untaught savages. It is true that, even during their state of innocency, they were not exempt from manual employments. For, although the ground, before the curse, brought forth neither thorns nor briers ; yet Adam, we are told, was placed in the garden to till it, and to dress it ; and Eve had, doubtless, her appropriate task in preparing the simple meal, adorning the leafy bower, and tending the luxuriant growth of her fruits and flowers. But that these domestic offices did not engross her so much as to diminish her taste for more elevated pursuits, is beautifully intimated by the poet :

when, after relating how, modestly retiring from the philosophical discourse between Adam and the angel, she

“Went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prospered,—”

he adds,

“Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high.”

That such were the feelings and interests of our first parents, few will dispute; for it would have been strange, indeed, if, under such favorable circumstances, when all to them was new, and when they were just come from the hands of their Creator, perfect and intelligent, they had been unmindful of him and his works. This being granted, may it not fairly be inquired, whether any such essential difference exists between their circumstances and ours, as to render a meaner taste, and lower objects of pursuit, reasonable in us, their descendants.

If Milton had represented our mother Eve, when not occupied by the concerns of the domestic bower, as devoting her leisure hours to binding flowers in wreaths and garlands, wherewith to adorn herself; if he had told us that she and Adam spent their evenings in playing with pebbles, dancing on the turf, or in idle conversation; and that they rose and retired to rest without any devout acknowledgments to their Maker,—we should, certainly, have considered it a most absurd, unfair and degrading representation, even after they had fallen from their first estate.

Yet how many of their descendants are there, even in the most civilized and evangelized parts of the globe, whose time is spent to no better purpose! A young lady who rises without prayer, or with only a heartless performance of it, who spends her morning in preparing ornaments of dress, or in pursuits equally trifling, and devotes her evening to gay amusements, or even to the more creditable recreation of sober visiting, and, returning weary or dissipated, forgets to call upon God, is surely no less unmindful of the dignity of her nature, and the great end of her existence.

LESSON XX.

The Field of the World.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"The sower soweth the word."—Mark iv. 14.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it round the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found :—
Go forth, then, every where.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest Home!"

LESSON XXI.

Syrian Christians in Travancore.—MISSIONARY ANNUAL.

THE existence of a considerable portion of the native population of Southern India professing Christianity, is a fact that must afford, to, the friends of true religion, peculiar pleasure. These are called Christians of St. Thomas, or Syrian Christians. Between fifty and sixty churches belong to this ancient branch of the Christian church, which has preserved the Syriac Scriptures, in manuscript, from Christ and his apostles; and, unconnected with the rest of the Christian world, has stood for ages amidst the darkest scenes of idolatry and persecution.

The tradition among them is, that the gospel was planted in Hindoostan by the apostle Thomas. Landing at Cranganore, from Aden, in Arabia, he was well received by the king of the country, whose son he baptized, and afterwards ordained deacon. Dr. Buchanan entertained a decided opinion, that we have as good authority to believe that the apostle Thomas died in India, as that the apostle Peter died at Rome.

That Christians existed in India, in the second century, is a fact fully attested. The bishop of India was present, and signed his name, at the council of Nice, in 325. In the fifth century, a Christian bishop, from Antioch, accompanied by a small body of Syrians, emigrated to India, and settled on the coast of Malabar. The Syrian Christians enjoyed a succession of bishops; appointed by the patriarch of Antioch, from the beginning of the third century, till they were invaded by the Portuguese.

They still retain the liturgy anciently used in the churches of Syria, and employ, in their public worship, the language spoken by our Saviour in the streets of Jerusalem. The first notices of this people, in modern times, are found in the Portuguese histories. In 1503, there were upwards of one hundred Christian churches on the coast of Malabar.

As soon as the Portuguese were able, they compelled the churches nearest the coast to acknowledge the supremacy of the pope, and, in 1599, they burned all the Syriac and Chaldaic books and records on which they could lay their hands. The churches which were thus subdued are called

the Syro-Roman Christians, and, with the converts from other tribes, form a population of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand.

Those in the interior would not submit to Rome, but, after a show of union for a time, fled to the mountains in 1653, hid their books, and put themselves under the protection of the native princes, by whom they have been kept in a state of depression. These are called the Syrian Christians.

About ten thousand persons, with fifty-three churches, separated from the Catholics; but, in consequence of the corrupt doctrines and licentious manners of their associates, they have fallen from their former state, and very few traces of the high character which they once possessed can now be discovered.

In 1806, this people were visited by the late Dr. Buchanan, who presented their case to the public in his *Christian Researches*; since which much has been done to meliorate their condition.

Desirous to render every aid that might, under the divine blessing, promote the revival of piety among the Syrian Christians, the Church Missionary Society, in 1816, sent the Rev. T. Norton to Travancore. The Rev. B. Bailey followed Mr. Norton, and took up his abode at Cotym, where, in 1818, he was joined by the Rev. J. Fenn, and, in the following year, by the Rev. H. Baker.

The missionaries have continued their endeavors, with prudence, zeal and fidelity, not only to benefit the Syrian Christians, but to communicate the gospel to the heathen around them, with the most encouraging prospects of success. In reference to the former, the archdeacon of Madras, who visited the several stations in Southern India in 1830, observes, "It was highly gratifying to witness the great progress, both of sound learning and religious feeling, among the Syrian youth who are destined for holy orders, the great desire for education which has spread throughout the country, and the confidence and affection with which the brethren at Cotym are regarded, both by the clergy and laity."

"The improvement thus produced," the archdeacon adds, "gives us the best ground of hope for the future reformation of this church; but it is of the utmost consequence to remember that their reformation is still future, and that,

probably for many years, it must be the object of hope, rather than exultation.

"No one concerned for the spiritual benefit of India, but must earnestly desire that the Syrian church may be restored to the purity and devotedness of the primitive churches of Christ, and may become an active and efficient auxiliary in promoting the extension of the knowledge of the living God around."

LESSON XXII.

Planting Trees.—NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

WE take the liberty to recommend to every man who has an inch of ground, to fill it up with a tree. There are many who will do nothing of the kind, because their territories are small. We can assure them that they will find the truth of what Hesiod said to agriculturists thousands of years ago, that half an estate is worth more than the whole. Within these limits, however small, they produce effects which will fill even themselves with surprise.

If their enclosure be within the city, where the object is to make the most of their possessions, they should remember that, if they cannot have verdure on the soil, they can have it in the air; and if in the country, that nothing gives a more unfavorable, and, at the same time, correct, impression of the character of a landholder, than the aspect of an estate which presents no trees along its borders to shelter the traveller from the sun.

Every cottage should have its elm, extending its mighty protecting arms above it. The associations and partialities of children will twine themselves like wild vines around it; and, if any one doubt that he will be better and happier for such, he little knows the feeling with which the wayfarer in life returns from the wilderness of men to the shadow

"Where once his careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain."

We wish it were in our power to do something to call the general attention to the subject of respect to the dead. It gives a painful feeling to pass through a city or village

in our country, and to see the shameful desolation and neglect of the burial place, which, if no longer consecrated by religious acts, should certainly be held sacred by the heart.

And yet, were it not for the monuments, which here and there appear above the golden-rod and the aster, we should not know these from any other barren fields. A vile enclosure of unpainted wood is all that protects them from violation ; and if any tree cast a friendly shadow over it, we may be sure it is one planted by the hand of nature, not of man.

We have seen places of this kind in the country, which the fathers of the hamlet seemed to have chosen with a taste seldom found among the early inhabitants of any region, on the banks of rivers, or the borders of deep forests, where every thing around favored the contemplation to which the mind, in such places, is, and ought to be, led, and have found evidence there of the degeneracy, not the improvement, of their children, who had disappointed their designs, and suffered all to run to waste and barrenness, whether from want of refinement, or from avarice, we did not know.

It is perfectly surprising that none should be found to take away this reproach. Some of the most uncivilized nations are ages before us in their regard for these delicate and sacred feelings. They would not permit the young and beautiful, the aged and honorable, to be cast into a place so neglected, when even a dog, who had been faithful, would deserve a more honored grave.

Our own evergreen cypress is as suitable as the oriental to surround the place of death ; and, were it not so, we have many other trees, whose character of form and foliage is well suited to the sad and thoughtful expression which the common feeling requires such places to bear.

LESSON XXIII.

The Missionary's Child.—MISS SARA STICKNEY.

My heart is where the palm-tree waves
In freshness o'er the plain below ;
My heart is where the Indian laves
His burning feet and sable brow.

My heart is with the chosen few,
Who bear their mission from above
To heathen hordes, that never knew
The depth of everlasting love.

Oh ! waft me to that distant shore,
Ye winds that toss the heaving main,
To see those sunny skies once more,
And find my Indian home again.

My mother's grave is in the shade,
Where stands the stately banian-tree ;
My father at her side is laid,—
And lonely comes the night to me.

The wintry wind is howling round,
The clouds are dark, the mountains drear,
The trackless snow lies on the ground,
And cold is my sad bosom here.

I pine before the stranger's hearth,
Though bright the fires of evening shine ;
Their happy hours of social mirth,
Their songs of joy, can ne'er be mine.

Oh ! Shepherd of the wandering sheep,
Thy poor forsaken lamb behold !
Father of light ! my footsteps keep,
And lead me to thine heavenly fold.

LESSON XXIV.

The Use of Biography.—JANE TAYLOR.

THAT "what man has done, man may do," is a most stimulating truth. It is this consideration chiefly, that renders the lives of individuals, who have distinguished themselves in their day and generation, so interesting to their fellow creatures; and it is a remark which should be borne in mind, whether we are studying the actions of *great good men*, or of *great bad men*. In the former case, we should inquire whether we are not possessed of the same qualities, powers and opportunities (generally speaking), with which they were favored; and, in the latter, that we partake of the same depraved nature, and are liable to the same temptations, that led them astray.

It is a common remark, that biography is one of the most useful studies to which we can apply. But we must remember, that its usefulness to us depends entirely upon our right application of it. It is idle, indeed, to take up a book, of any kind, merely with a view to entertainment. We would, therefore, recommend, especially to the reader of biography, to keep one grand object in view; and to make this close inquiry, whenever such a volume is opened,—In what respects is this applicable to me? How can I make it subservient to my own improvement?

Whatever is, in itself, excellent, is worthy of our attention, and more or less of our imitation, however widely our circumstances may differ. Great talents and splendid achievements are necessarily confined to a few: as we may be virtuous and happy without them, this is not to be regretted. But it is the duty and interest of every individual to aim at excellence in his own sphere, however humble. Many of the very same qualities are requisite to make a good tradesman, or skilful mechanic, which are needed to form a great statesman or general.

We shall find that such a man was not discouraged by difficulties, but rather stimulated by them to more vigorous efforts; that he never consulted his own ease or gratification, when they stood in the way of his grand design; and that he was characterized by a disregard to trifles of all sorts, and by a steady aim at the most important ends.

Now, as these, among other good qualities, ensured to him success and distinction, so we may be as certain that the same causes will produce the same effects, in whatever situations they are applied. Thus far a little apprentice-boy may learn of Peter the Great, and become, by and by, as distinguished in his trade as the czar was in his empire.

From the lives of distinguished bad men we may see the small value, in themselves, of those shining qualities which dazzle mankind. What is genius without virtue?—It is but a splendid curse, proving still more baneful to the individual himself, than to those within the sphere of his influence.

There was a time when Nero appeared amiable and humane. Let us not, therefore, conclude that we shall never be guilty of a crime, because we now shrink from the thought of it; but rather, if we find that we have not resolution to resist the small temptations of the present moment, let us remember that we are in the high road to vice, although, as yet, but at its commencement.

It is presumption and ignorance of ourselves, to imagine that the power of resistance will increase with the strength of temptation. We should learn, “when we think we stand, to take heed lest we fall.”

LESSON XXV.

First Christian Mission in Cafferland.—THOMAS PRINGLE.

THE tribe of Amakosa, usually termed Caffers, inhabit the territory adjoining to the colony of the cape of Good Hope, on its eastern extremity. They are an athletic and handsome race of men, with features approaching to the Asiatic or European standard; and, excepting their woolly hair, exhibiting scarcely any of the peculiarities of the negro race.

In their customs and traditions, and, as some writers assert, also in their language, there are indications of their having sprung, at some remote period, from a people of Arabian or Hebrew lineage, and probably of much higher civilization than is now any where to be found among the tribes of Southern Africa.

The rite of circumcision, strictly and universally practised among them, and several other traditionary customs, which seem allied to the rules of purification in the Levitical code, strengthen this hypothesis, which is further corroborated, in some degree, by etymological research.

In the year 1798, the first mission to Cafferland was undertaken by Dr. Vanderkemp, under the patronage of the London Missionary Society; but, owing to causes which Dr. Philip has succinctly detailed in his valuable *Researches in South Africa*, after eighteen months' trial, the enterprise was, at that time, of necessity, abandoned.

For fifteen years, no attempt was made to renew this mission, although repeated solicitations had been made by the Caffers themselves. Any such attempt was, in fact, discouraged, and, latterly, authoritatively prohibited, under the most flimsy pretexts, by the government of the colony.

At length, in 1815, a dangerous rebellion having broken out among the semi-barbarous and ignorant African boors on the eastern frontier, it was discovered that attempts had been made, by these disaffected men, to persuade the Caffer chiefs to join them in attacking the British troops; and, with a view to prevent such machinations in future, by the presence of an English resident in the Caffer country, permission was given to Mr. Williams and his wife, missionaries, just arrived from England, to proceed thither.

The spot fixed on for their residence was upon the Kat river, in the vicinity of the kraal, or encampment, then occupied by the chief Gaika. On their way to the frontier, Mr. Williams was assailed with every sort of discouragement, both by the Dutch colonists and the British officers.

By the poor Caffers they were received in a different spirit; and they were enabled, ere long, to say, with the great apostle of the gentiles, "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness." At first, doubtless, they had many difficulties to encounter, chiefly from unacquaintance with the language and manners of the people, and in consequence of the Hottentot servants, whom they brought from the colony, deserting them, from groundless apprehensions of danger.

In this state of desertion, and not unimpressed, doubtless, by the frightful accounts received of the ferocity of the Caffers, from the frontier colonists, Mrs. Williams describes, very graphically, her terrors on their hut being suddenly

surrounded, one day, by a numerous band of naked warriors on foot and horseback. She was alone, and scarcely understood a word of their language.

After ascertaining that Mr. Williams was not there, but at a little distance up the river, they proceeded, with much apparent violence of demeanor, towards the place. "I took my little boy in my arms," she says, "and went after them, with trembling heart and limbs; for I expected nothing else but to find my dear partner murdered before I got there."

But, on reaching the spot, she found how vain had been her terrors. This fierce-looking band were merely a party of Gaika's warriors, who had been out hunting, and who, on their way home, had come to behold the Christian missionary and his wife, who, as they expressed it, "*had brought back to them the Great Word over the deep sea water.*"

Placed thus, unprotected and alone, in the midst of this wild and warlike people, whom, he had been assured, "nothing but powder and ball could tame," Mr. Williams continued to labor with quiet but indefatigable perseverance. He was a man of great prudence and integrity, of an ardent and disinterested spirit, wholly devoted to the great object of his mission; and his wife was a woman worthy of such a husband, and well adapted to aid his Christian exertions.

His labors, both of head and hands, were of the most arduous description. With no assistance, except such as could be obtained from native assistants, totally unacquainted with European arts, he erected a comfortable dwelling-house and school-room—the latter serving, also, for a chapel; enclosed and cultivated a large piece of ground, for a garden and corn-field; and constructed, with immense toil, a dam across the river, to enable him to lead out the water for irrigation, without which, no culture can be successfully conducted in that part of the country.

While engaged in these manual toils, with a view to support his family in comfort by his own industry, and, at the same time, to give the natives a practical proof of the advantages of the arts of civilized life, Mr. Williams was incessantly occupied, still more intently, on the higher objects of his mission.

Within twelve months from his first settlement, he had collected a little congregation of about one hundred hearers, and a school of from fifty to sixty pupils, including many

adults as well as children. Mrs. Williams, at the same time, instructed the young girls in sewing and other branches of domestic industry; and she speaks in the highest terms of their cheerful docility and steady attention.

Mr. Williams continued the arduous labors of his mission, with very encouraging prospects of success, till August, 1818, when he was seized with a fever, brought on, apparently, by a course of exertions beyond his bodily strength; and, after a few days' illness, joined the company of saints and martyrs in heaven.

His bereaved partner was thus left a desolate widow, with two helpless infants; in the heart of a heathen land, and at the mercy of a barbarous people. The account, given by herself, of her situation and feelings, at this trying period, is extremely interesting and affecting.

"Aug. 21st.—This was the Lord's day, and, to me, the most trying sabbath I ever experienced. Before this, I did not apprehend that my husband's illness was unto death; but now I looked for nothing else, and that speedily. My little Joseph was standing near the foot of the bed; he beckoned for him, and I brought him to his father. He looked at us with much concern, but could not speak.

"22d.—I asked one of the Caffers if he had no wish to see his teacher before the Lord took him to himself. He answered, 'Yes; but I did not like to ask you, lest it should make your heart sore.' He then came and sat down by the bed-side. I asked him if he prayed. *Answer.*—'Yes.' 'What do you pray for?' *Answer.*—'I pray the Lord that, as he has brought us a teacher over the great sea-water to tell us his word; that he would be pleased to raise him up again, to tell us more of that great word.'

"23d.—This morning, just as day began to break, his happy spirit took its flight, to be forever with the Lord. I was obliged to instruct the people to make the coffin, and dig the grave. I could not get the coffin finished to-day. I made my bed on the ground for the night, in the same room where the body of my deceased husband lay; but, in the night, I was obliged to get up and take my poor children out.

"24th.—As soon as it was light, the people returned to work upon the coffin, and about eleven o'clock it was finished. I appointed four men to put the body into the coffin. I then took my two fatherless infants by the hand, and fol-

lowed it to the grave, accompanied by the whole of the people, and the children. When they had put the body into the grave, I requested them to sing a hymn, and we prayed."

It was not without extreme difficulty that Mrs. Williams was prevailed on to abandon the missionary station.

In June, 1820, Mr. Brownlee, a man every way worthy of being successor to Mr. Williams, was appointed to be the government-agent, and missionary in Cafferland. His residence being fixed at the Chumi river, he collected the scattered residue of Mr. Williams's congregation, and commenced a missionary station at that place.

In the following year, Messrs. Thomson and Bennie, missionaries of the Glasgow society, joined Mr. Brownlee, and, since that period, various other stations have been established in different parts of the Caffer country; the Wesleyans and Moravians having also entered on this interesting field, in brotherly competition with the London and Glasgow societies.

LESSON XXVI.

British Empire.—JOSIAH CONDER.

In territorial extent, the British empire, inferior only to that of Russia, is almost three times as vast as that of imperial Rome. The area of the Roman empire is estimated, by Gibbon, at one million six hundred thousand square miles. That of the British is supposed to be four millions four hundred and fifty-seven thousand miles. Russia covers a thinly-peopled surface of nearly six millions. The population of ancient Rome is probably underrated at one hundred and twenty millions; it may have amounted to one hundred and fifty, or one hundred and seventy millions. Among the existing empires, China, with its (supposed) one hundred and seventy-five millions, takes the lead. And which is second? Great Britain.

In less than a hundred years, the population included in the British islands and its dependencies has, by the expansion of her Indian empire, risen from thirteen millions to

upwards of one hundred and fifty millions, or more than a sixth portion of the human race.

If to this we add the empire of the American republic, which has grown up, within the last half century, from the British colonies, and by which the English language, laws and religion are diffusing over the western world, there will be an area of six millions and a half of square miles under the dominant influence of one nation, a nation originally confined to a small island in the German ocean, with an aggregate population of not less than one hundred and sixty-five million souls. So mighty and rapid a change has no parallel in history.

LESSON XXVII.

The Great Refiner.—H. F. GOULD.

“And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.”

’Tis sweet to feel that he, who tries
The silver, takes his seat
Beside the fire that purifies ;
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy,
The precious metal, too, destroy.

’Tis good to think how well he knows
The silver’s power to bear
The ordeal to which it goes ;
And that, with skill and care,
He’ll take it from the fire, when fit
For his own hand to polish it.

’Tis blessedness to know that he,
The piece he has begun,
Will not forsake, till he can see,
To prove the work well done,
An image, by its brightness shown,
The perfect likeness of its own.*

* Silver, undergoing the process of refining, suddenly assumes an appearance of great brilliancy, when purified, and reflects objects like a mirror.

But, ah ! how much of earthly mould,
 Dark relics of the mine,
 Lost from the ore, must he behold,
 How long must he refine,
 Ere, in the silver, he can trace
 The first faint semblance to his face !

Thou great Refiner ! sit thou by,
 Thy promise to fulfil :
 Moved by thy hand, beneath thine eye,
 And melted at thy will,
 Oh, may thy work forever shine,
 Reflecting beauty pure as thine !

LESSON XXVIII.

The Cherokee at Washington.—H. F. GOULD.

I COME from an ancient race—
 From the wilds where my father trod ;
 And, though I present the red man's face,
 I believe in the Christian's God.

I come where your chief is laid
 At rest, in his own dear land ;
 And I now would ask if his mighty shade
 Presides o'er your council band.

If so, he will know the type
 Of peace and of purity ;
 The chain of gold, and the silver pipe,
 Bestowed on the Cherokee.

And here must he turn aside,
 To weep and to blush for shame ;
 Thus to hear our nation's rights denied,
 And his debase her name.

O, no !—by the faith of man,
 Our claims ye must yet allow !

By the book ye read, ye never can
Thus your pledges disavow !

Ye say that He went about,
Whom ye follow, doing good ;
Does he bid you hunt the red man out,
Like a wolf, from his native wood ?

Ye teach us, too, that He
Is to judge the quick and the dead :
Before his throne will the difference be,
That the face was white or red ?

And ye tell us what He said,
When He pointed to the coin
Impressed with the sovereign's name and head,
And what His words enjoin.

Our image on our land,
As Cæsar's on the gold,
Has been impressed by our Maker's hand,
And it never must be sold !

For, dear as the spot of earth
Where first your breath ye 'drew,
Your fathers' sepulchres, your hearth,
And altar are to you ;—

The ties are far more strong,
Which we feel to our native soil,
Than yours—ye have not *been* so long
As the nation ye would spoil !

By power ye may overcome ;
But, should ye thus succeed,
And drive the poor Indian from his home—
Great Spirit, forgive the deed !

LESSON XXIX.

Sufferings of Captain Franklin in the Polar Regions.—

TYTLER.

MATTERS had now reached a dreadful crisis ; it was necessary to come to an immediate decision regarding their ultimate measures, and a plan proposed by Mr. Hood and Dr. Richardson was adopted. These gentlemen consented to remain, with a single attendant, at the first spot where there was sufficient firewood for ten days' consumption, while Franklin and the rest were to proceed, with all expedition, to fort Enterprise, and send immediate assistance.

This scheme promised to relieve them of a considerable portion of their burdens,—for one of the tents, and various other articles, were to be left ; and it gave poor Credit and Vaillant a fairer opportunity, should they revive, of regaining their companions. On the resolution being communicated to the men, they were cheered with the prospect of an alleviation of their misery, and pressed forward in search of a convenient spot for the proposed separation.

Near nightfall they encamped under the lee of a hill, among some willows, which furnished a small fire, but not sufficiently strong to thaw their frozen clothes ; and, no provisions having been found during the day, they lay down, hungry and cold, and full of the gloomiest apprehensions, while sleep fled from their eyelids, and the images of their dying companions rose before their imagination, in colors which made them shudder for a fate which might so soon become their own.

Next morning the weather was, providentially, mild, and, setting out at nine, they arrived, towards noon, at a thicket of willows in the neighborhood of some rocks, bearing a pretty full supply of *tripe de roche* (a kind of moss or lichen). Here Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood determined to remain.

The tent was pitched, a barrel of ammunition and other articles were deposited, and Hepburn, who volunteered the service, was appointed to continue with them. The rest of the party now had only a single tent, the ammunition, and the officers' journals, in addition to their own clothes, and a single blanket for captain Franklin.

When all was ready, the whole party united in thanks-

giving and prayer to Almighty God for their mutual preservation, and separated, with the melancholy reflection, that it might, in all probability, be the last time they should ever again meet in this world.

On leaving their friends, captain Franklin and his party descended into a more level country; but the snow lay so deep, and they were so little able to wade through it, that they encamped, after a painful march of only four miles and a half, in which Belanger and Michel, an Iroquois, were left far behind, yet still struggling forward.

In the evening they came in, dreadfully exhausted, and Belanger, till now one of the strongest of the party, could not refrain from tears, as he declared he was totally unable to proceed, and implored permission to return to Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood. Michel made the same request, and it was agreed that they should do so.

The cold of the night was excessive, and the men were so weak that they could not raise the tent; from its weight, it was impossible to transport it from place to place, and it was cut up, the canvass serving them for a covering; but, though they lay close together, the intense frost deprived them of sleep. Having no *tripe de roche*, they had supped upon an infusion of the Labrador tea-plant, with a few morsels of burnt leather.

Michel and Belanger being, apparently, more exhausted in the morning than the evening before, were left, while the rest moved forward. After a very short progress, Perreault was attacked with a fit of dizziness; but, on halting a little, again proposed to proceed. In ten minutes, however, he sank down, and, weeping aloud, declared his total inability to go on. He was, accordingly, advised to rejoin Michel and Belanger,—a proposal in which he acquiesced.

These examples of the total failure of the strongest in the party had an unfavorable effect on the spirits of the rest, and the exertion of wading through the snow, and crossing a lake on the ice, where they were frequently blown down, was so severe, that Fontano was utterly unable to go farther. Being not two miles from the others, it was thought best that he, also, should attempt to rejoin them; as he was much beloved, the parting was very distressing.

The whole party was now reduced to five persons—captain Franklin, Adam, Peltier, Benoit and Samandré. They

made, that day, only four miles and a half, and encamped, for the night, under a rock, supping as on the preceding night. The evening was comparatively mild, the breeze light, and, having the comfort of a fire, they enjoyed some sleep. This gave them new spirits, which were further invigorated by a breakfast of *tripe de roche*, this being the fourth day since they had had a regular meal. Finding Marten lake frozen over, they walked straight upon the ice to fort Enterprise.

From the arrangements previously made, it was judged certain that they would here find relief, and be able to send assistance to their unfortunate companions. On approaching the house, they became agitated and silent. At length they reached it, and their worst apprehensions were realized. It was completely desolate. No provisions had been deposited—no trace of Indians could be discovered—no letter lay there from Mr. Wintzel to inform them where the Indians might be found. On entering, mute despair seized the party. Still the hopes and cheerfulness of Franklin did not desert him. From his knowledge of the places mostly frequented at that season by the Indians, he was sanguine as to the likelihood of their being found; and their speedy arrival formed a constant subject of conversation. At length, when sitting round the fire, Peltier suddenly leaped up, and uttered a joyful exclamation, imagining he heard the bustle of Indians in the adjoining room.

It was not the Indians, however, but Dr. Richardson and Hepburn, who came in, each carrying his bundle. The meeting was one of mingled joy and sorrow. Poor Hood's absence was instantly perceived, and their saddest anticipations were confirmed by Dr. Richardson declaring that this young officer and Michel were dead, and that neither Perrault nor Fontano had reached the tent, or been heard of.

All were shocked at the emaciated countenances and hollow voices of Dr. Richardson and his companion. "The doctor," says Franklin, "particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful, if possible, not aware that his own partook of the same key."

The arrival of these friends, however, was soon attended with a favorable change. The counsels and example of the pious and intelligent Dr. Richardson produced the best effect on the spirits of the party. He had brought with him his Tes-

tament and prayer-book, and, by reading portions of scripture appropriate to their situation, and encouraging them to join in prayer and thanksgiving, he led them to the only source whence, under the awful circumstances in which they were placed, they could derive hope or consolation.

Help, however, was now near at hand. On November 7th, they were amazed at hearing the report of a musket, and could scarcely believe that there was any one near till they heard a shout, and espied three Indians close to the house. But for this seasonable interposition, their existence must, probably, have terminated before many days.

LESSON XXX.

Political Economy.—HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Fixed capital, that is, money laid out in land, buildings, machinery and tools, is a necessary part of the property of every one who endeavors to increase his wealth. The farmer must have not only land to produce grain, but ploughs and harrows to prepare the soil, sickles to reap the corn, wagons to carry it away, barns to store it in, &c., if he means to make the utmost profit he can of his produce. He thus increases his wealth by fixing his *capital*, though his tools, and buildings, and horses do not directly afford him any profit, like his *circulating capital*.

That which is commonly called *circulating capital* is the wealth laid out with an immediate view to further production; such as the farmer's seed-corn, and the wages of his laborers. But as nothing is said in the word *circulating* about this further production, we had rather find a better word.

Reproduceable seems to us the right term. Thus the manufacturer's raw silk and cotton, the farmer's seed-corn, or the sheep and oxen he intends to sell again, the iron-master's coal and iron-stone, and that which is paid by all in the shape of wages, are *reproduceable capital*, because it comes back to its owner when it has fulfilled its purpose, and procured a profit.

It is clear that the business which requires the least fixed capital, in proportion to the reproduceable capital, must be

the least in danger from a change of times. The wine-merchant, whose fixed capital consists only of cellars, casks, hampers, and a cart and horses, has less of his wealth locked up in a useless form, in bad times, than the silk or cotton manufacturer, who has his factories, his steam engine, and all the machinery connected with it.

Both may have a large stock, the one of wine, the other of raw or wrought silk, or cotton; both may complain of having their reproduceable capital made unproductive by a failure of demand; but he is in the worst situation who has the largest portion of fixed capital locked up at the same time.

On a smaller scale, the basket-maker risks less in bad times than the baker. The one has merely his shed, and his block, and his knife, for his *fixed*, and osiers for his *reproduceable*, capital; while the other has his bake-house, ovens, bins, yeast-pails, and many other articles, as his fixed capital, and flour and fuel for his reproduceable capital. If a demand for baskets and for bread should ever cease, the baker would have a much larger capital laid by useless, than the basket-maker.

A very large fixed capital is necessary in an iron-work, and of a kind, too, which cannot be turned to any other account in bad times. Land may, generally, be made to produce something which is in demand; sheds, and wagons, and horses may be used for a variety of purposes; but blast-furnaces and forges serve no object but that for which they were erected.

There is, therefore, a degree of risk in thus investing capital, which ought to make reflecting men very watchful in their calculations, and very cautious in extending their works, even in the best times.

LESSON XXXI.

Story of Louisa.—J. ABBOTT.

SHORTLY after my settlement in the ministry, I observed, in the congregation, a young lady, whose blooming countenance and cheerful air showed perfect health, and high

elation of spirits. Her appearance satisfied me, at once, that she was amiable and thoughtless.

Louisa (for by that name I shall call her) manifested no particular hostility to religion, but wished to live a gay and merry life, till just before her death, and then to become pious, and die happy. Upon whatever subject I preached, her countenance retained the same marks of indifference and unconcern.

One evening, I invited a few of the young ladies of my society to meet at my house. She came with her companions. I had sought the interview, that I might, more directly, urge upon them the importance of religion. All in the room were affected—and she, though evidently moved, endeavored to conceal her feelings.

At our next meeting, I conversed with each one individually. Most of them manifested much solicitude respecting their eternal interests. Louisa appeared different from all the rest. She was anxious, and unable to conceal her anxiety, and yet ashamed to make it known.

“Louisa,” said I, “do you *now* feel the subject of religion to be more important than you have previously?”

“I do not know, sir; I think I want to be a Christian.”

“Do you *feel* that you are a sinner, Louisa?”

“I *know* that I am a sinner, for the Bible says so; but I suppose that I do not feel it enough.”

“Can you expect that God will receive you into his favor while you are in such a state of mind as that? He has made you, and he is now taking care of you, giving you every blessing and enjoyment you have, and yet you have lived many years without any gratitude to him, and continually breaking his commandments. Now, Louisa, you must be lost unless you repent of your sins, and ask, earnestly and humbly, for forgiveness.”

Another meeting was appointed on the same evening of the succeeding week. Louisa again made her appearance, with the same young ladies, and a few others, who were not present the first evening. She appeared much more deeply impressed.

“Well, Louisa,” said I, “I was almost afraid that I should not see you here this evening.”

“I feel, sir,” said she, “that it is time for me to attend to my immortal soul. I have neglected it too long.”

“Do you feel that you are a sinner, Louisa?”

"Yes, sir ; I do."

"Do you think, Louisa, that you have any claim upon God to forgive you ?"

"No, sir : it would be just in God to leave me to perish."

"Well, Louisa, are you ready to give up all for Christ ? Are you ready to turn from your gay companions, and lay aside your frivolous pleasures, and acknowledge the Saviour publicly, and be derided, as perhaps you will be, by your former friends, and live a life of prayer and effort to do good ?"

She hesitated a moment, and then replied, "I am afraid not."

The next week, about the same number were present, but Louisa was not with them. A slight cold had detained her. But the week after, she again appeared. To my great disappointment, I found her interest fast diminishing. The Spirit was grieved away. This was the last time she called to see me. These social meetings continued some time, and many of Louisa's associates, I have cause to hope, became the disciples of Jesus.

Two or three months passed away, when one day I was informed that Louisa was quite unwell, and desired to see me. In a few moments I was in her sick chamber. She had taken a violent cold, and it had settled into a fever. She seemed agitated when I entered the room, and, the moment I inquired how she did, covered her face with both hands, and burst into a flood of tears.

I was fearful that the agitation of her feelings might seriously injure her health, and did all in my power to soothe her.

"But, sir," said Louisa, "I am sick, and may die. I know that I am not a Christian ; and, oh ! if I die in this state of mind, what will become of me ? What will become of me ?" And again she burst into tears.

What could I say ? Every word she said was true. Sickness was upon her. Delirium might soon ensue. Death might be very near. She *felt* it all. Fever was burning in her veins. But she forgot her pain, in view of the terrors of approaching judgment.

I told her of the Saviour's love. I pointed to many of God's precious promises to the penitent. I endeavored to induce her to resign her soul calmly to the Saviour. But all that was offered was unavailing. The interview was,

indeed, an affecting one; anxiety was depicted upon her flushed countenance, and she was restless, and groaning under the accumulated ills of body and mind.

The next day, I called to see her again. Poor girl! thought I, as the first glance upon her countenance showed me the strong lineaments of despair. I opened the Bible, and read the parable of the prodigal son, "Oh, sir," said she, "none of those promises seem meant for me. I can find no peace to my troubled spirit. If my sins were forgiven, how happy should I be; but now—oh!"—her voice was stopped by a fit of shuddering, which very much agitated those around her bed-side with the fear that she might be dying.

Another morning came. I went into her chamber. Despair was pictured more deeply than ever on her countenance. Death was drawing nearer. She knew it. A few of her young friends were standing by her bed-side. She warned them, in the most affecting terms, to prepare for death while in health. She said she knew God was ready to forgive the sincerely penitent, but that her sorrow was not sorrow for sin, but dread of its awful penalty.

I called again, late in the afternoon, but reason was disenthroned. The senseless moanings of delirium showed the distress even of her shattered mind. Every eye in the room was filled with tears, but poor Louisa saw not, and heeded not, their weeping.

Early the next morning, I called to inquire for Louisa.

"She is dead, sir," was the reply to my question.

"Was her reason restored to her before her death?"

"It appeared partially to return a few moments before she breathed her last, but she was almost gone, and we could hardly understand what she said."

Her body now moulders in the grave-yard, and her spirit has entered upon its eternal home.

LESSON XXXII.

December.—WILLIAM HOWITT.

We are now placed in the midst of wintry scenes. Nature is stripped of all her summer drapery. Her verdure,

her foliage, her flowers, have all vanished. The sky is filled with clouds and gloom, or sparkles only with a frosty radiance. The earth is spongy with wet, hard with frost, or buried in snows.

The winds that, in summer, breathed gently over the nodding blooms, and undulating grass, swaying the leafy boughs with a pleasant murmur, and wafting perfumes all over the world, now hiss like serpents, or howl like wild beasts of the desert; cold, piercing and cruel. Every thing has drawn, as near as possible, to the centre of warmth and comfort.

The farmer has driven his cattle into sheltered home-enclosures, where they may receive, from his provident care, that food which the earth denies them; or into the farm-yard itself, where some honest Giles piles their cratches plentifully with fodder. The laborer has fled from the field to the barn, and the measured strokes of his flail are heard day by day from morning till evening.

It amazes us, as we walk abroad, to conceive where the infinite variety of creatures that sported through the air, earth and waters of summer can have concealed themselves. Birds, insects, reptiles, whither are they all gone?

The birds that filled the air with their music, the rich black-bird, the loud and cheerful thrush, the linnet, lark and goldfinch, whither have they crept? The squirrel, that played his antics on the forest-tree, and all the showy and varied tribes of butterflies, moths, dragon-flies, beetles, wasps and warrior-hornets, bees and cockchafers, whither have they fled?

Some, no doubt, have lived out their little term of being, and their bodies, lately so splendid, active, and alive to a thousand instincts, feelings and propensities, are become part of the wintry soil; but the greater portion have shrunk into the hollows of trees and rocks, and into the bosom of their mother earth itself, where, with millions of seeds, and roots, and buds, they live in the great treasury of Nature, ready, at the call of a more auspicious season, to people the world once more with beauty and delight.

LESSON XXXIII.

The Skies in Winter.—WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE heavens present one of the most prominent and splendid beauties of winter. The long and total absence of the sun's light, and the transparent purity of a frosty atmosphere, give an apparent elevation to the celestial concave, and a rich depth and intensity of azure, in which the stars burn with resplendent beauty; the galaxy stretches its glow across the northern sky, and the moon, in her monthly track, sails amongst the glittering constellations with a more queenly grace; sometimes without the visitation of a single cloud, and at others, seeming to catch from their wind-winged speed an accelerated motion of her own.

It is a spectacle of which the contemplative eye is never weary: though it is one, of all others, which fills the mind with feelings of awe at the immensity of the universe, the tremendous power of its Creator, and of the insignificance of man.

A breathing atom, a speck, even, upon the surface of a world, which is itself a speck in the *universal* world, we send our imagination forth amongst innumerable orbs, all stupendous in magnitude, all swarming with existence, vainly striving to reach the boundaries of space, till, astonished and confounded, it recoils from the hopeless task, aching, dazzled, and humbled to the dust.

What a weary sense attends the attempt of a finite being to grasp infinity! Space beyond space! space beyond space still! There is nothing for the mind to rest its wearied wing upon, and it shrinks back into its material cell, in adoration and humility.

Such are the feelings and speculations which have attended the human spirit in all ages, in contemplating this magnificent spectacle. David has beautifully expressed their effect on him. The awful vastness of the power of the Deity, evinced in the scenes which night reveals, is sure to abase the pride of our intellect, and to shake the over-growth of our self-love; but these influences are not without their benefit; and the beauty and beneficence, equally conspicuous in every object of creation, whether a world or an atom, come to our aid to reassure our confi-

dence, and to animate us with the prospect of an eternity of still perfecting and ennobling existence.

LESSON XXXIV.

Anecdotes of Washington.

IN his fifteenth year, Washington had so strong a desire to be actively employed, that he applied for a place as a midshipman in the English navy (for our country was then under the government of Great Britain), and succeeded in obtaining it.

Full of youthful expectations of enjoyment in a new scene, he prepared ardently to engage in it, when he became convinced that, by doing so, he would severely wound the heart of an anxious parent; and, with a true spirit of heroism, he denied himself, and, in obedience to the command, "Honor thy mother," he gave up his fondly-cherished plan, and yielded his own inclination to promote her comfort.

Thus, while his manly superiority to companions of his own age caused admiration, his filial tenderness was an example to them of compliance with the direction which is given to children in the word of God.

The faithful wife of Washington had no family to need her care at home, and when he was absent, and deprived of its comforts, that home was cheerless to her. When it was possible, she was with him to share his hardships, and endeavor to contribute to cheer his sad prospects by her attentions, and expressions of calm, firm confidence, that better days would soon come.

At the hut-camp, in Valley Forge, in 1778, his table was furnished with no better food than could be procured for his troops, and his wife then shared his hard bread and few potatoes. Her willingness to do so, and her cheerful conduct, assisted to enliven the desponding, and encourage those who were cast down.

Through the trying scenes of the long contest, the American women proved that they possessed patriotic feelings,

by doing all in their power to aid their fathers and husbands in the defence of their country.

In the performance of his duties, afterwards, as president, Washington set an example of punctuality, and, by the strictest regard to it, in the smallest as well as the greatest concerns, gave a plain and excellent lesson on the *value of time and importance of truth*.

In making an appointment, he named the exact time, that not one moment might be wasted in the idleness which uncertainty, in this respect, often occasions. All his promises were given with the "lip of truth;" therefore he was punctual, to a moment, in performing them.

He required punctuality in every member of his household, and was once heard to say to a visitor, who had come late to dinner, "Our cook never asks if the company has come, but if the hour has come." He had fixed on a convenient hour for members of congress, and other invited guests, to dine with him, and, being careful to have the clock, which stood in his entry, exactly right, he allowed five minutes for the difference in clocks and watches, and after that time did not wait for any person.

If some forgetful or lagging guest came after the time, the president usually made some such remark as "We are too punctual for you." When congress met in Philadelphia, he appointed the hour of twelve for attending and delivering his speeches to them; and he always entered the state-house, where congress sat, when the state-house clock was striking the hour.

The president, during his residence in Philadelphia, was at times so much engaged, that he could not allow himself time to take any other exercise than a walk to his watch-maker's, in Second street, to regulate his watch by the time-piece. Mothers, who felt the value of what he had done for their children, watched for the hour in which it was usual for him to pass, and then brought out their children to show Washington to them.

When the boys in the street saw him, they used to cry out, "Here comes Washington! here comes Washington!" They seldom called him president; Washington was a far dearer name: and he usually increased their delight by noticing them with a kind smile, giving them his hand, or taking the little children up in his arms.

When he could be absent from the city for a few hours, without neglecting a duty, he enjoyed a visit to judge Peters, at his home, on the Schuylkill, a few miles distant from Philadelphia. In the cultivated ground there, he planted a nut, which has grown into a thriving chestnut-tree, and is cherished with great care.

He was fond of riding on horseback, and, one day in the winter, when the river Delaware was frozen, so that loaded sleds passed over it, he crossed into Jersey, to enjoy a ride in the leafless woods. On his return, he found, at Cooper's ferry, a farmer with a sled-load of wood just going on the ice.

The president stopped his horse, to let the farmer pass on before him. But the farmer, who knew Washington, also stopped, and, stepping up to him, said, respectfully, "Sir, do you think it is right for you to run the risk of crossing the river on the ice?" "Why, my friend," said the president, "I think, if you can pass over with your sled-load of wood without breaking through, I have no reason to be afraid." "Ah," replied the farmer, "if I, and a dozen like me, should fall through and be drowned, we should hardly be missed; but the country *cannot do without you*, sir." "Well, go first, then," said Washington, "and I think, if the ice does not break, with your load and horses, I can then pass it without danger."

The farmer moved on without delay, being, no doubt, well pleased to serve Washington as a guide, and to watch for the preservation of a life he valued so highly.

LESSON XXXV.

The Tea-Plant.

TEA is a native of China and Japan, and has been cultivated, and in common use, in those countries, from the remotest antiquity. The shrub attains the height of five or six feet, and is branching and ever green.

Tea was hardly known in Europe before the middle of the seventeenth century, but now has become an article of such commercial importance in that portion of the globe, as to employ more than fifty thousand tons of shipping, in

the transportation of it from Canton. Still, so vast is the home consumption, that it is alleged, that were Europeans to abandon the commerce altogether, the price would not be much diminished in China.

It appears to be cultivated in all parts of China, even in the vicinity of Peking, which is in the same latitude as Philadelphia, and has a very similar climate. The plants require little further care than that of removing the weeds, till the third year, when the leaves may be gathered. In seven years, the plant has attained the height of six feet; but, as they bear few leaves, they are trimmed down, and then produce a great number of new leaves.

The leaves are plucked off, one by one, with many precautions; and only from four to fifteen pounds are collected in a day. In a district in Japan, where the tea-plant is cultivated with peculiar care, the first gathering takes place at the end of the winter, when the leaves are young and tender, and are only a few days old; these, on account of their scarcity and dearness, are reserved for the wealthy, and called the *imperial tea*.

The second gathering is at the beginning of spring, when some leaves have attained their full size, and others are only expanding; all are gathered promiscuously, and afterwards sorted: the youngest, especially, are separated with great care, and often sold for the *imperial*.

The third and last gathering takes place toward the middle of summer; the leaves are now fully expanded, of inferior quality, and are reserved for the common people.

The tea-leaves, being gathered, are cured in houses which contain from five to ten or twenty small furnaces, about three feet high, each having at the top a large, flat, iron pan. There is also a long, low table, covered with mats, on which the leaves are laid, and rolled by workmen, who sit round it. The iron pan being heated to a certain degree, by a little fire made in the furnace beneath, a few pounds of the fresh-gathered leaves are put upon the pan; the fresh and juicy leaves crack when they touch the pan, and it is the business of the operator to shift them as quickly as possible with his bare hands, till they become too hot to be easily endured.

At this instant he takes them off with a shovel resembling a fan, and pours them on the mats; other operators, now, taking small quantities at a time, roll them in the palm

of their hands in one direction, while a third set are fanning them, that they may cool the more speedily, and retain their color the longer.

This process is repeated two or three times, or oftener, before the tea is put into the stores, in order that all the moisture may be thoroughly dissipated, and their curl more completely preserved. On every operation the pan is less heated, and the operation performed more closely and cautiously. The tea is then separated into the different kinds, and deposited in the store for use. That which is brought down to Canton undergoes a second roasting, winnowing, packing, &c., and many hundred women are employed for these purposes.

The different sorts of green and black tea arise not merely from soil, situation, or the age of the leaves, but, after winnowing the tea, the leaves are taken up in succession as they fall; those nearest the machine, being the heaviest, are the *gunpowder tea*.

The black teas, usually imported by Europeans and Americans, are, beginning with the lowest qualities, *bohea*, *congo*, *campo*, *souchong*, *pouchong*, *pekoe*; the green teas are *twankay*, *hyson-skin*, *young hyson*, *hyson*, *imperial*, and *gunpowder*.

Most of the attempts to cultivate the tea-plant in foreign countries have met with little success. Within the last few years, however, considerable efforts have been made, by the Dutch government of Java, to produce tea in that island, with the assistance of Chinese cultivators, with some prospect of success, and the experiment has been made to propagate the tea-shrub in Brazil, also with the aid of Chinese laborers.

LESSON XXXVI.

Order in Study.—H. F. BURDER.

LET your plan of study, and the arrangement for the distribution of your time, be judiciously formed, and prosecuted with the utmost diligence and punctuality.

The beneficial effect of order and regularity in the discharge of engagements, especially when a variety of objects

may demand attention, must be, in some degree, apparent to every one. To the student, not less than to the man of business, is regularity of method important in the arrangement of his pursuits, as it prevents loss of time by embarrassing suspense, with regard to the object which, at any given hour, claims immediate attention.

Even a plan of arrangement, in some respects defective and objectionable, would secure to a student a decided advantage over another individual, who should disregard order and method; incalculable, then, must be the benefit arising from regulations which proceed on wise and enlightened principles. A few suggestions on this point are deserving of notice. Let not the plan laid down be so difficult of observance as to incur the danger of frequent failure or irregularity.

It is wise for us to consider not only what we could *wish* to accomplish, but, also, what it is *probable* that, with our habits, and in our circumstances, we shall be able to effect. By attempting too much, we often accomplish less than we should have effected with plans guided by principles of greater moderation.

And one reason which may be assigned for this is, that, after having repeatedly fallen short of the line prescribed, our plans cease to have authority in our own estimation, lose their practical influence on the distribution of our time, and, having thus been *virtually*, they are at length *avowedly*, abandoned.

Let the proportion of time and attention devoted to every object of study, be regulated by a regard to its *real* and its *relative* importance.

Let the most important studies be assigned to those hours in which we find, by experience, that we can exert our intellectual energies with the greatest facility and intensity.

Let the minor intervals of time, which precede or follow the more important engagements, be duly and economically improved.

How many valuable acquisitions may be secured by filling up, with appropriate reading, the moments of occasional and uncertain leisure, which Boyle calls the parentheses or interludes of time! These, coming between more important engagements, are wont to be lost by most men, for want of a value for them; and even by good men, for want of skill to preserve them.

And as some goldsmiths and refiners are wont to save the very sweepings of their shops, because they may contain in them some filings or dust of gold and silver; I see not, why a Christian may not be as careful not to lose the fragments of a thing incomparably more precious.

LESSON XXXVII.

The Kidnapped African.—LANDERS.

AMONG the slaves was a middle-aged, short woman, having a broad, mournful kind of countenance; in fact, there were two of them, so very much alike in all respects, that they might be taken for sisters. As she sat with the goats, whose society, by-the-by, was extremely disagreeable to her, inasmuch as they committed various misdemeanors, to her great annoyance, she fetched one of the deepest and most dismal sighs I ever heard.

This attracted my attention; for she was seated so near me, that, from the motion of the canoe, I was not unfrequently jostled against her. She had been slowly masticating, with apparent disrelish, part of a boiled yam, which appeared to be cold and dry, and which was now laid aside. She was in deep meditation; tear-drops were in her eyes, ready to fall, as she gazed earnestly at a spot of land on the eastern bank, which was fast receding from her view.

Her closed lips, slightly upturned, and quivering with emotion, the usual prelude to more violent grief, gave an expression of sadness and silent sorrow to her countenance, which language can but ill express. Nothing could be more touching than this tranquil face of woe. Loud bursts of lamentation, and other vehement expressions of passion, would not be half so eloquent.

I imagined that the poor creature was bewailing her fate in the ill-usage which she had received from her guardians, one of whom had, not long before, applied a paddle to her head and shoulders; or she might, I thought, be in want of water, which was beyond her reach; but, to satisfy my doubts, I addressed her, and demanded the cause of her emotion.

On this, she turned round her head, and bestowed a

violent thump on the nose of a goat, which had discovered her broken yam, and was nibbling it fast away ; she replied, pointing with her finger to the spot on which she had been so anxiously gazing,—“There I was born.” The chord was touched ; she had striven to repress her feelings before, but she could no longer command them ; she became more agitated, and wept bitterly as she faltered out, “That is my country !”

I was softened and moved at the woman’s distress, and should, doubtless, have felt still stronger compassion, if I had not observed her, in the midst of her tears, inflicting the most rigorous chastisement on her brute companions, in the most unmerciful manner. The kids and goats had, in their playfulness, been gamboling about her, and bespattered her with a little dirty water from the bottom of the canoe ; and I thought to myself, that if a female could behave with cruelty to a companion, being herself in distress, that little pity or gentleness could dwell in her bosom.

However, be this as it may, she was greatly afflicted. She might have recalled to her mind, as she was borne past the place where she had received her being, and where her childhood had been spent, the pastimes and amusements of that happy period of life ; and this reflection, bringing along with it a train of pleasing associations, had produced her grief, which was, no doubt, increased by comparing the freedom which she once enjoyed, with her present miserable condition of bondage. She felt regret on gazing at her native land for the last time. “There I was born,” said she, as she was passing by it, weeping ; “That is my country !”

LESSON XXXVIII.

Female Education.—MRS. SANDFORD.

LITERATURE, indeed, was a rare accomplishment amongst women of former days ; but when they did attempt it, they were satisfied with no ordinary proficiency. It is a pity that their industry and good sense are not oftener imitated ; for, though we may not wish all women to be, like them, Grecians or mathematicians, we cannot question the supe-

riority of intellectual pursuits to many of the usual ways of getting rid of time.

Why should not the leisure of women be employed in storing and strengthening their minds? Why, if they are spared the fatigues of active life, should they be debarred from the pleasures of literature?

The lives of too many of them are spent almost in idleness, and the alleged inappropriateness of intellectual pursuits furnishes a plea for listlessness and trifling. They fancy themselves not called to mental exertion, and they, therefore, throw away their time in frivolous occupation, or more frivolous amusement.

It is most important, not only that the mind should be well informed, but that there should be a taste for literature, and that knowledge should be appreciated for its own sake, and not merely as a distinction.

The superiority of cultivated women is, in every thing, apparent. They have been accustomed to think and to discriminate, and their opinion is not a mere momentary impulse. Their sphere, too, is enlarged,—they are not so much actuated by selfish feelings, or so liable to receive partial, and, consequently, erroneous, impressions.

They view every subject more calmly, and decide every subject more dispassionately; and are, generally, more correct in their own sentiments, and more liberal to those of others.

It is mediocrity that is intolerant and opiniative. A woman who, without reflection, takes up the views of others, is peculiarly accessible to party spirit; and this is one reason why women, in general, are more zealous partisans than the other sex; their minds are more contracted, their knowledge more confined; and their prejudices stronger.

As a corrective to this, as well as a preservative from error, letters are very useful, and, in this view, perhaps, almost as much so to women as to men; especially now, in these days of progress, when every class should be prepared for its advance.

What an easy dupe to empiricism, or design, is a half-educated woman! With sufficient acquirement to be vain, and sufficient sensibility to be soon imposed on, she may be easily seduced from principles which she has received only on the authority of others, and which she is, therefore, ill-prepared to defend.

No character commands more respect than that of the religious and cultivated woman, and it is to the credit of the sex, that religion and letters have usually been associated. We dwell, with pleasure, on the piety of lady Jane Grey, if that of Elizabeth be questionable.

The names of Russell and of Hutchinson, of Rowe, Chapone and Smith, of the amiable authoress of "Father Clement," of the revered Hannah More, are together treasured in our minds as happy reminiscences of the union of female piety and accomplishment.

Nor would accomplishments, in any degree, indispose women for active duties. Order is the symptom of a well-regulated mind; a woman who has felt the importance of interior arrangement, will scarcely be indifferent to her domestic claims.

If the woman of mind bears with equanimity petty vexations; if she lends a reluctant ear to family tales; if she is not always expatiating on her economy, nor entertaining by a display of domestic annoyances,—she is not the less capable of controlling her household, or of maintaining order in its several departments. Rather will she occupy her station with more dignity, and fulfil its duties with greater ease.

At the same time, she should ever bear in mind, that knowledge is not to elevate her above her station, or to excuse her from the discharge of its most trifling duties. It is to correct vanity, and repress pretension. It is to teach her to know her place and her functions, to make her content with the one, and willing to fulfil the other. It is to render her more useful, more humble, and more happy.

And surely such a woman will be, of all others, the best satisfied with her lot. She will not seek distinction, and, therefore, will not meet with disappointment. She will not be dependent on the world, and thus she will avoid its vexations. She will be liable neither to restlessness nor discontent, but she will be happy in her own home, and by her own hearth, in the fulfilment of religious and domestic duty, and in the profitable employment of her time.

LESSON XXXIX.

Description of Persia.—SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

WITH the exception of the provinces on the Caspian, Persia, though its climate is very various, has every where the same dry and pure atmosphere. It has hardly any great rivers, and does not abound in lesser streams; or springs. Hence it has few trees, excepting those which are cultivated. Some of its salubrity is, perhaps, owing to this cause; it is free from those vapors and exhalations which, though nourishing to vegetable, are often noxious to animal, life.

But this want of wood, while it diminishes the beauty of the country, is a most serious inconvenience to the inhabitants; and there is justice in the remark of an intelligent Indian, who, on hearing some comparisons between Persia and India, injurious to the latter, exclaimed, "You Persians are always boasting of your climate, but yet you have neither shade to shelter you from the sun in summer, nor fuel to save you from the cold of winter!"

The temperature of the interior provinces, however, is delightful and healthy, though several parts of the kingdom are certainly subject to all the extremes of heat and cold, and others are far from salubrious.

The soil of Persia varies from the sandy and unproductive plains on the Persian gulf, to the rich clayey soil on the Caspian, but it almost every where requires water to render it fruitful; and from this cause, more than any other, have the frequent invasions tended so greatly to diminish the produce, and check the population of the country. The destruction of a few water-courses, which have been made with great labor and expense, changes a verdant valley into a desert plain.

Few countries can boast of better vegetable productions, or in greater variety. The gardens vie, in beauty and luxuriance, with any in the world; but, from the parts which are highly cultivated, we may imagine the prosperity Persia might attain to under a just and settled government.

Some of its finest and most extensive valleys, which are covered with the remains of cities and villages, are consigned to wandering tribes, and feed their cattle and flocks;

and one may travel for a hundred miles through regions once covered with grain, without seeing more than the few scattered fields deemed sufficient to furnish food for the families which have the range of the domain, and to give an annual supply of green shoots to fatten the horses.

Among the tame animals of Persia, the camel, the mule and the horse are the most useful and the most excellent. Oxen, which are only used to till the ground, are not abundant, nor are they remarkable for their size or beauty.

In all those parts where the soil is arid and sandy, and which are exposed to great heats, camels are preferred for carrying burdens to all other animals, but, in almost all the provinces, mules are in more general use; and their extraordinary strength and activity, combined with their power of enduring fatigue, place them next to the horse in the estimation of the Persians.

Sheep are very abundant in Persia. The wealth of the wandering tribes consists in their flocks.

LESSON XL.

The Winged Worshippers.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

[To two swallows who flew into a meeting-house during divine service.]

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance is not for you,
Blest wanderers of the upper deep.

INTRODUCTION TO THE

To you 'tis given
 To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and land,
 And join the choirs that sing
 In yon blue dome, not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay
 To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the airy way,
 And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
 On upward wings, could I but fly,
 I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
 And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven, indeed,
 Through fields of trackless light to soar,
 On nature's charms to feed,
 And nature's own great God adore.

LESSON XLI.

Select Sentences.—THOMAS ADAM.

MAKE the will of God your pole-star, and, with your eye constantly upon it, you will be carried safely through all storms and tempests.

We may know by our love to the sabbath whether eternity will be forced on us.

How happy is the soul that has got above earthly hopes and fears, desires and relishes, and can, on good ground, consider itself as a child of God's family, helping its interests, sharing its blessings, and waiting for death as the door to all its enjoyments!

Have a work to do daily, with a will to do it, and a prayer upon it, and let that work be God's.

Every man might be more useful and happy than he is, if he would be contented to be employed about one thing.

The journey through life is as Peter's walking on the water, and, if Christ does not reach out his hand, we are every moment in danger of sinking.

Confess your sins, and pray, as if it were to be the last time.

Have no controversy, if possible, with any one but yourself.

What more need be said of prayer, than that it brings God into the heart, and keeps sin out?

It is a sad mistake in religion, to acquiesce in the form of prayer, without obtaining, or desiring to obtain, what we ask.

We shall never be Christians till we think as we pray, and always carry the same humbling sentiments about us, as if we were on our knees before God.

It is impossible for any man to know Christ to be a Saviour, till he knows himself to be a sinner.

LESSON XLII.

Spring.—PEABODY.

WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

Forth walks the laborer to his toil,
And sees the fresh array
Of verdure clothe the flowery soil,
Along his careless way.

The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;

And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

Thus, like the morning, calm and clear,
That saw the Saviour rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

No winter there, no shades of night,
Profane those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest

LESSON XLIII.

Life of President Dwight.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, May 14th, 1752. His father was a merchant, of good understanding and fervent piety. His mother was the third daughter of Jonathan Edwards, for many years the minister of Northampton, and afterwards president of New Jersey college, well known as one of the ablest divines of the last century. She possessed uncommon powers of mind, and great extent and variety of knowledge. Though married at an early age, and a mother at eighteen, she found time, without neglecting the ordinary cares of her family, to devote herself, with the most assiduous attention, to the instruction of her numerous children. It was a maxim with her, the soundness of which her own observation through life fully confirmed, that children generally lose several years, in consequence of being considered by their friends as too young to be taught. She pursued a different course with her son; she began to instruct him almost as soon as he was able to speak; and such was his eagerness, as well as his capacity for improvement, that he learned the alphabet at a single lesson; and, before he was four years old, was able to read the Bible with ease and correctness. With the benefit of his father's example constantly before him, enforced and recommended by the precepts of his mother, he was carefully instructed in the doctrines of religion, as

well as in moral duties. She taught him, from the very dawn of his reason, to fear God, and to keep his commandments; to be conscientiously just, kind, affectionate, charitable and forgiving; to preserve, on all occasions, and under all circumstances, the most sacred regard to truth; and to relieve the distresses, and supply the wants, of the poor and unfortunate. She aimed, at a very early period, to enlighten his conscience, to make him afraid of sin, and to teach him to hope for pardon only through Christ. The impressions thus made upon his mind in infancy, were never effaced. A great proportion of the instruction which he received before he arrived at the age of six years, was at home with his mother. His school-room was the nursery. Here he had his regular hours for study, as in a school; and twice every day she heard him repeat his lesson. Here, in addition to his stated task, he watched the cradle of his younger brothers. When his lesson was recited, he was permitted to read such books as he chose, until the limited period was expired. During these intervals, he often read over the historical parts of the Bible, and gave an account of them to his mother. So deep and distinct was the impression which these narrations then made upon his mind, that their minutest incidents were indelibly fixed upon his memory. His early knowledge of the Bible led to that ready, accurate and extensive acquaintance with Scripture, which is so evident in his sermons and writings. At the age of six, he was sent to the grammar school. Here, for two years, he made rapid advances, when the school was discontinued, so that he returned again to the care of his mother. By this faithful and intelligent guide of his youth, his attention was now directed to geography, history, and other useful studies. *This domestic education rendered him fond of home, of the company of his parents, and of the conversation of those who were older than himself.* Even at this early period of life, while listening to the conversation of his father and friends, on the character and actions of the great men of the age, both in the colonies and in Europe, a deep and lasting impression was made upon his mind; and he then formed a settled resolution, that he would make every effort in his power to equal those whose talents and character he heard so highly extolled. In September, 1765, he was admitted as a member of Yale college, where, in 1771, he became a tutor, when he was

little more than nineteen years of age. In 1777, he entered into the married state, and, in the year following, he received the afflicting intelligence of the death of his father. The new and important duties which now devolved upon him, he undertook with great readiness and kindness. He consoled his widowed mother under her painful bereavement, and assisted her in the support and education of the younger children. In this situation, he passed five of the most interesting years of his life; performing, in an exemplary manner, the offices of son, brother and guardian. The elder, as well as the younger, were committed to his care, and loved and obeyed him as their father. The filial affection, respect and obedience which he showed towards his mother, and the more than fraternal kindness with which he watched over the well-being of his brothers and sisters, deserve the most honorable remembrance. To accomplish this object, though destitute of property, he generously relinquished his proportion of the family estate; labored for five years with a diligence and alacrity rarely equalled; and, for a long time afterwards, he continued his paternal care and liberality. Often did his mother, who died only about ten years before him, acknowledge, in language of eloquent affection and gratitude, his kindness, faithfulness and honorable generosity to her and her children. The respect which she felt and manifested towards him, resembled the affection of a dutiful child towards her father, rather than the feelings of a mother for her son. Well was this invaluable parent repaid for all her care in his religious education, for she declared, with joy, a little before her death, that *she did not know the instance in which he ever disobeyed a parental command, or failed in the performance of a filial duty.* As a husband and a father, his life was eminently lovely. The education which he had himself happily received in his youth, he conveyed, as a rich inheritance, to his own children. His highest earthly enjoyment was found at the fire-side, in the bosom of his family. To his brothers and sisters he supplied, as far as possible, the loss they sustained in the death of their worthy father. When that mournful event happened, ten of the children were under twenty-one years of age. For their comfort and support, he superintended the farm, frequently working upon it himself, taught an extensive school, and regularly preached on the sabbath. In 1788, he be-

came the pastor of a church and congregation at Greenfield, in Connecticut, and remained in that situation till 1795, when, to the sorrow and disappointment of an affectionate people, he entered on the important office of president of Yale college. This seminary, in which he himself completed his education, was, at that time, in a languishing and unhappy state. Discipline was relaxed, the number of students was greatly reduced, and, what was much worse, many of them had imbibed loose and profane sentiments on the subject of religion, and even went so far as to assume the names of well-known infidels. The president applied himself vigorously to remove this awful evil. He boldly met and refuted all the cavils and arguments of the students, though he gave them free liberty of debate; and, through the smile of Heaven on his abilities and faithfulness, infidelity was compelled to flee into its native darkness, and restored truth appeared in its true dignity and splendor. His sound views of the discipline necessary for youth, are worthy of serious regard. From the age of seventeen to sixty-four, he was almost constantly engaged in the business of education; and, during that period, he had between two and three thousand pupils under his care. He presided over the college for more than twenty years, with honor to himself, and advantage to the students. They honored and loved him as a father, and still revere his memory. The course of divinity, which he delivered for their instruction, is extensively circulated, and is worthy of a cordial recommendation. For the last few months of his life, he endured much pain and languor. His constitution sunk under incessant application. His spirit was resigned, his mind serene, and his attachment to the precious truths of revelation more strong and ardent than ever. These revived and supported him in the near prospect of death and eternity. His conversation to the last was serious, devout and edifying. On Sunday morning, January 11th, 1817, he bade adieu to this vale of tears, aged sixty-five. The memory of this enlightened and useful man is still held in honorable remembrance, and his loss is universally bewailed as a great public, as well as private, calamity.

LESSON XLIV.

After a Tempest.—BRYANT.

THE day had been a day of wind and storm ;—
The wind was laid, the storm was overpast,
And, stooping from the zenith, bright and warm,
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt with mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.

The rain-drops glistened on the trees around,
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Saw when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
Was shaken by the flight of startled bird ;
For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
About the flowers ; the cheerful rivulet sung
And gossipped, as he hastened ocean-ward ;
To the gray oak the squirrel, chiding, clung,
And, chirping, from the ground, the grasshopper upsprung.

And, from beneath the leaves, that kept them dry,
Flew many a glittering insect here and there.
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That seemed a living blossom of the air.
The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
The violent rain had pent them ; in the way
Strolled groups of damsels, frolicsome and fair ;
The farmer swung the scythe, or turned the hay,
And 'twixt the heavy swaths, his children were at play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
Did that serene and golden sun-light fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the dell,
And precipice upspringing like a wall,

And glassy river, and white waterfall,
And happy, living things, that trod the bright
And beauteous scene ; while, far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley, out of sight,
Was poured from the blue heavens, the same soft, golden
light.

I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be
When, o'er earth's continents, and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
And married nations dwell in harmony ;
When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor, in the sun,
The o'erelabored captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long, at clash of arms amid her bowers,
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits ; but not for aye can last
The storm ; and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past :
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly—
And, like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of Heaven shall lie.

LESSON XLV.

Our Country.—S. F. SMITH.

My country ! 'tis of thee—
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing :
Land where my fathers died ;
Land of the pilgrim's pride ;
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country ! thee—
 Land of the noble free—
 Thy name I love :
 I love thy rocks and rills ;
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song :
 Let mortal tongues awake—
 Let all that breathes partake—
 Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God ! to thee,—
 Author of liberty !—
 To thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light—
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King !

LESSON XLVI.

Pitcairn's Island.—ELLIS.

THIS island is situated in 25° south latitude, and 130° west longitude. When the murderous quarrels between the mutineers of the *Bounty* and the natives of Tubuai, obliged the former, in 1789 and 1790, to leave that island, they proceeded to Tahiti. Those who wished to remain there, left the ship, and the others stood out to sea in search of some unfrequented and uninhabited spot of the ocean, that might afford them subsistence and concealment.

Proceeding in an easterly direction, they reached Pitcairn's island, and could scarcely have desired a place more suited to their purpose. Here they drew the *Bounty* on shore, removed the pigs, goats and fowls to the land, and,

having taken every thing on shore that they supposed would be useful, set fire to the vessel.

The party consisted of twenty-seven persons, viz. ten Englishmen, six Tahitians, and eleven women; or, according to another account, of nine Englishmen and twelve women. In a sheltered and elevated part of the island, they erected their dwellings, deposited in the earth the seeds and young plants which they had brought from Tahiti, and commenced the cultivation of the yam, and other roots, for their subsistence.

New troubles awaited them. The wife of Christian, the leader of the mutineers, died; and he is said to have seized, by force, the wife of one of the Tahitians. Revenge or jealousy prompted the Tahitian to take the life of Christian, who was shot while at work in his garden, about two years after his arrival. The English and the Tahitians seemed bent on each other's destruction. Six Englishmen were killed, and Adams, now the only survivor of the crew, was wounded. Every Tahitian man was put to death.

The history of the mutineers is truly tragical. The children of these unhappy men have been trained up with the most indefatigable care, and attention to morals, by John Adams, who, with his interesting family around him, remained undiscovered and unvisited, for nearly twenty years, when captain Folger, in the ship *Topaz*, of Boston, touched at the island, and, after maintaining a friendly intercourse with them for two days, prosecuted his voyage.

No further information respecting them transpired until 1814, when captain Staines, in a British ship, unexpectedly came in sight of the island. Canoes were soon perceived coming off from the shore; and it is not easy to conceive the astonishment of the commander and his officers, when those on board hailed them in the English language.

The surprise of the young men in the canoe, who were the sons of the mutineers, when they came on board an English man-of-war, was scarcely less than that of their visitors. The frankness with which they replied to the questions of the captain, evinced the unsophisticated manner in which they had been brought up; and their account of their belief in the most important doctrines, and practice of the great duties of religion, reflected the highest honor on their venerable instructor.

When they sat down to breakfast, without any formal show of devotion, but with a simplicity and earnestness that alone astonished and reprov'd those around them, they knelt down and implored "permission to partake in peace of what was set before them;" and, at the close of their repast, resuming the same attitude, offered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for the indulgence they had received.

The captains of the Briton and Tagus went on shore, and were met on the brow of the hill by Adams's daughter, who, after the first emotions of surprise had subsided, led them to the beautiful little village, formed on an oblong square, with trees of various kinds irregularly interspersed. "The houses," captain Staines adds, "were small; but regular, convenient, and of unequalled cleanliness."

After a very affecting interview with John Adams (who appeared about sixty years of age), and with his rising community, who, with tears and entreaties, begged them not to take their father from them, the captains returned to their ships, and sent to these interesting people such useful articles as they could spare.

There were forty-eight persons on the island at this time. This small island is fertile, though water is not abundant. As soon as their circumstances became known, a supply of agricultural implements and tools was sent from Calcutta. Bibles and prayer-books were also forwarded by the directors of the London Missionary Society. They were gladly received by Adams, and gratefully acknowledged.

LESSON XLVII.

The Sunday School.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

GROUP after group are gathering,—such as pressed

Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid

Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,

Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade;

Group after group glide on with noiseless tread,

And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,

Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,

And holy words their ruby lips repeat,

Oft with a chastened glance, in modulation sweet.

Yet some there are upon whose childish brows
 Wan poverty hath done the work of care :
 Look up, ye sad ones !—'tis *your Father's house*,
 Beneath whose consecrated dome you are ;
 More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,
 And watch the gaudier forms that gaily move,
 And deem, perchance, mistaken as you are,
 The "coat of many colors" proves *his* love,
 Whose sign is *in the heart*, and whose reward *above*.

And ye, blest laborers in this humble sphere,
 To deeds of saint-like charity inclined,
 Who from your cells of meditation dear,
 Come forth to gird the weak, untutored mind,—
 Yet ask no payment save one smile refined,
 Of grateful love,—one tear of contrite pain,—
 Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind
 The rest of earthly sabbaths. Be your gain
 A sabbath without end, mid yon celestial plain.

LESSON XLVIII.

Howard, the Philanthropist.

JOHN HOWARD was born in England, in 1726. His father dying when he was young, he was bound apprentice to a wholesale grocer in London, but, when he was nearly twenty-one years old, he purchased the remaining term for which he was indentured, and indulged his taste by making a tour in France and Italy. In 1756, he commenced a voyage to Lisbon, to view the effects of the recent earthquake. The vessel in which he sailed being taken, he was consigned to a French prison. The hardships which he saw and suffered, first roused his attention to the subject of prisons. When he reached England, he made known the information which he had gained, and his efforts were well received.

At Cardington, where he then resided, he gratified his benevolent feelings in building cottages for the peasantry, founding schools for gratuitous instruction, and executing

other plans in aid of poor people. In 1773, he served in the office of sheriff for the county of Bedford. In attending to the necessary duties of this station, the subject of prison discipline came under his notice; and, finding many bad things existing in the management of jails, he resolved to devote his time to an examination of the means for correcting them.

With this view, he visited most of the English county jails, and houses of correction, and, in March, 1774, he laid the result of his inquiries before the house of commons, for which he received a vote of thanks. In 1775 and 1776, he visited many of the prisons on the continent of Europe, as well as those of Scotland and Ireland. In 1778, he repeated his visit to the continent, and extended his tour as far as Italy.

After his return, he made a fresh survey of the prisons throughout the British empire, to which he added an examination of the public hospitals. The results of his inquiries he repeatedly communicated to the public. In 1781 and 1782, he made a tour through the northern parts of Europe, including Denmark, Sweden, Russia and Poland. In 1783, he visited Spain and Portugal, and, having again examined the prisons of his own country, he published an account of his tour as an appendix to his former works.

A new subject now engaged his attention, namely, the management of lazarettos, and the means of preventing the communication of the plague and other contagious diseases. In order to get accurate information, he went to Smyrna, where he knew that the plague prevailed, for the purpose of proceeding to Venice with a foul bill of health, that he might be subjected to all the regulations of quarantine in the lazarettos, and thus become experimentally acquainted with them.

On his return home, through Vienna, he was introduced to the emperor, Joseph II. In 1789, he published an account of the lazarettos in Europe. In the same year, he returned to the continent, passing through Germany to Moscow and Petersburg. The greatest respect was every where paid to him; prisons and hospitals were thrown open before him, as to a friendly monitor and public benefactor. He took up his residence at Cherson, a town on the Black sea. A malignant fever prevailing there, he

received the infection, and died, in consequence, January 20, 1790.

It had been almost his daily custom, while at Cherson, to visit admiral Priestman ; but failing of his usual call one day, the admiral went to know the cause, and found him sitting before his stove in a bed-room. Having inquired after his health, Mr. Howard replied, that he felt that his end was fast approaching, that he had several things to say to his friend, and thanked him for calling.

The admiral endeavored to turn the conversation, imagining that the whole might be merely the result of low spirits ; but Mr. Howard assured him it was otherwise, and added, " Priestman, you style this a very dull conversation, and endeavor to divert my mind from dwelling on death ; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me : it is an event I always looked to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure ; and be assured that it is to me a more grateful subject than any other."

LESSON XLIX.

Rules of Politeness.

NEVER show a contempt for any one. There are no persons so insignificant and inconsiderable but may, some time or other, have it in their power to be of use to you ; which they certainly will not, if you have shown them contempt. Wrongs are often forgiven, but contempt rarely is. Men are more unwilling to have their weakness and their imperfections known than their crimes.

Make no man feel his inferiority. Nothing is more insulting than to take pains to make a man feel a mortifying inferiority in knowledge, rank, fortune, &c. In the first, it is ill-natured, and, in the two latter articles, it is unjust, they not being in his power. Good-nature inclines us rather to raise people up to ourselves, than to mortify and depress them. Every man is, in some measure, obliged to discharge the social duties of life ; but these attentions are voluntary acts, the free-will offerings of good nature ; they are received, remembered, and returned as such.

Never expose people's weaknesses and infirmities for the sake either of diverting the company, or of showing your own superiority. We may, by that means, get the laugh on our side for the present, but we shall make enemies by it forever; and even those who laugh at us will, upon reflection, fear and despise us: it is ill-natured, and a good heart desires rather to conceal than expose the misfortunes of others. If we have wit, we should use it to please, and not to hurt; we may shine, like the sun in the temperate zone, without scorching.

There are many inoffensive arts, which are necessary in the course of the world, and which he who practises the earliest, will please the most and rise the soonest. The spirits and vivacity of youth are apt to neglect them as useless, or reject them as troublesome; but subsequent knowledge and experience of the world remind us of their importance, commonly when it is too late. The principle of these things is the mastery of one's temper, and that coolness of mind, and serenity of countenance, which hinder us from discovering, by words, actions, or even looks, those passions or sentiments by which we are inwardly moved, and the discovery of which gives wiser people such great advantage over us.

A man should possess himself enough to hear disagreeable things without visible marks of anger and change of countenance, or agreeable ones without sudden bursts of joy and expansion of countenance.

Judge of other men's feelings by your own. Men in general are very much alike, and though one has one prevailing passion, and another has another, yet their operations are much the same; and whatever pleases or offends you in others, will please or offend others in you.

LESSON L.

Notices of Rev. Thomas Hooker.—MORSE AND PARISH.

IN 1647, died Thomas Hooker, a pillar of Connecticut colony, and a great light of the churches in this western world. He was born at Marfield, in Leicestershire, 1586. He was educated at Emanuel college, Cambridge, in

England, where he was afterwards promoted to a fellowship, in which office he acquitted himself with such ability and faithfulness, as commanded universal admiration and applause.

It was in this period of his life that he had such deep convictions of his own lost state, and exposure to the wrath of God, as filled his mind with anguish and horror. With the singer of Israel, he was ready to exclaim, "While I suffer thy terrors, O Lord, I am distracted."

Afterwards, speaking of these exercises, he said that, in the time of his distress, he could reason himself to the rule of duty, and see there was no way of relief but submission to God, and lying at the foot of mercy, waiting for the divine favor; but, when he applied the rule to practice, he found his reasoning fail him.

After enduring this spirit of bondage for a considerable time, he received light and comfort, when his mind became powerfully and pleasantly attached to religious contemplations. He now determined to be a preacher of the gospel, and soon entered on the business in the vicinity of London.

Being disappointed as to a desired settlement at Dedham, he became a lecturer at Chelmsford, and an assistant to Mr. Mitchel, the incumbent of the place. His lectures were thronged, and remarkable success attended his preaching.

In about four years, his difficulties on account of his nonconformity were so great, that he gave up his pulpit, and retired to a school which he kept in his own house. So great was his popularity at the time of his being silenced, that no less than *forty-seven conforming* ministers of the neighborhood, who might have been expected to be in opposition to him, petitioned the bishop of London in his behalf.

About the year 1630, he was bound over, in a bond of fifty pounds, to appear before the high commission court, which bond he thought proper to forfeit, by the advice of friends, a number of whom raised the money in his behalf. He then fled to Holland. On the passage, the vessel, in the night, struck on a shoal of sand. Mr. Hooker, with remarkable confidence, assured the seamen that they should all be preserved,—and they were soon delivered.

In Holland, he preached two years at Delft. He was then called to Rotterdam, where he was employed with the celebrated Dr. Ames, between whom there was a mutual esteem and affection. Dr. Ames declared that, though he had been acquainted with many scholars of different nations, yet he had never met with Mr. Hooker's equal, either for disputation or preaching.

But, not finding the satisfaction he wished among the Dutch, and a number of his friends inviting him to accompany them to the wilderness of America, he returned to his native country to prepare for his voyage across the Atlantic. He was received at Cambridge with open arms by those of his friends who had come the year before. But, multitudes following them, the place became too narrow for them; accordingly, in 1636, they removed to the fertile spot on Connecticut river which they called Hartford.

He had a surprising talent of reaching the consciences of his hearers. His moving addresses flowed from his own exquisite relish of divine things, and an impassioned desire of promoting them in others. His success, like his services, was eminent.

He devoted one day in every month to private prayer and fasting, besides many such days, which he kept publicly with his people. He would say that "prayer was the principal part of a minister's work; by this he was to carry on the rest."

Though irascible in his natural disposition, he acquired a remarkable command of his temper. He was ready at all times to sacrifice his own apprehensions to the better reasons of others. Yet, when he was in the pulpit, he appeared with such majesty and independence, that it was pleasantly said of him, *He would put a king in his pocket.*

His last sickness was short, during which he said little. Being asked his opinion on some important things, he replied, "I have not that work now to perform; I *have* declared the counsel of the Lord." One of his friends observed to him, that he was going to receive his *reward*. "Brother," said he, "I am going to receive *mercy*."

When the awful moment arrived, he closed his own eyes, and, gently stroking his forehead, with a smile in his countenance, he gave a little groan and expired, July 7, 1647.

LESSON LI.

Landing of the Pilgrims.—MORSE AND PARISH.

ON the Lord's day, the 31st of December, they, for the first time, attended public worship on shore, and named the place *Plymouth*, partly because the harbor had been so named by captain Smith, and partly from gratitude for the kind treatment they had received at Plymouth, the last port from which they sailed in England. The rock on which they first stepped has been divided, and one part of it placed in the centre of the town, where it is known by the name of "FOREFATHER'S ROCK."

On the 12th of January, John Goodman and Peter Brown, walking into the woods "to gather thatch, lost themselves;" after wandering all the afternoon, they were obliged, though "slenderly" clothed, to make the ground their bed; it snowed, and the cold was severe.

Their distress in the night was increased by hearing, as they supposed, three lions roaring; one of which, they thought, was very near them. In their terror, they resolved to climb a tree, though an intolerably cold lodging-place. They stood ready to ascend when the lions should come, and continued walking round the tree all night, which probably saved their lives.

In the afternoon, from a hill, they saw the islands in Plymouth harbor, and in the evening reached their friends, fainting with hunger and cold. Goodman's feet were so frozen that they were obliged to cut off his shoes.

In February, they had time to arrange their military concerns. Miles Standish was chosen captain, and received "authority to command in military affairs." The 3d of March, they found that the winter was past, the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly; it thundered, and there was a steady rain.

For this climate, the winter, providentially, had been remarkably mild. Still it was a dismal winter to them. Never did human beings suffer more, nor display greater fortitude and Christian magnanimity.

The whole company that landed consisted of one hundred and one souls. Their nearest neighbors, except the natives, were the Dutch settlers at Albany and Bergen, a

French settlement at Port Royal, and the English settlement in Virginia; the nearest of these was two hundred miles from them, and utterly incapable of affording them any relief in a time of famine or danger.

Wherever they turned their eyes, distress was before them, and, to add to it, a general and very mortal sickness prevailed among them, which swept off forty-six of their number before the opening of the next spring. At times, there were not five persons well enough to nurse the sick.

But they bore their hardships with unexampled patience, and persevered in their pilgrimage with such resignation and calmness as gave proof of great piety and unconquerable virtue.

LESSON LII.

Social Character of Martin Luther.—MRS. CHILDS.

THE spirit of light and liberty diffused by Luther, found its way even into the dark recesses of the cloister. In 1523, nine nuns escaped from the convent of Nimptschen, near Grimma. This event, of course, produced a great excitement; even the princes who were favorable to the reformed religion did not dare to protect the fugitives openly.

But Luther, as usual, scorned to proceed with caution. He wrote and spoke boldly in defence of the nuns, and praised those who had assisted them to escape. He even went so far as to throw off the monastic habit, which he had continued to wear until that time.

Among the nuns was Catherine de Bora, a beautiful woman, of highly respectable family, who became the object of a very strong and enduring attachment on the part of Luther. He was united to her in 1525; the bridegroom was forty-two years old, and the bride twenty-six.

The advocates of the Romish church took this occasion to pour forth a fresh torrent of abuse. Some affirmed that he was insane; others, that he was possessed by an evil spirit. But a man conscious of thoroughly upright motives cannot long be put out of countenance by the injustice of public opinion.

He was apt to linger long in the company of his wife

and children, and never denied himself this gratification, except when he was engaged in finishing some great work. Once he locked himself up in his study, and remained three days and three nights, without any other nourishment than bread and water.

For some time, his wife refrained from disturbing him; but, finding her repeated calls at the door unanswered, she became very much alarmed, and at last persuaded some persons to break into the room. Luther was at his writing-desk, entirely absorbed in meditation, when they entered. At first, he was displeased at the intrusion, and said to her, "Do you not know that I must work while it is day, for the night cometh wherein no one can work?" But his heart was soon touched, when she told him how much anxiety he had caused her.

Like most courageous and enthusiastic men, Luther had a heart as docile and affectionate as a little child. He could never see his wife or children suffer without shedding tears; and once, when he was spectator of a chase, he tried to save the life of a poor little trembling hare by wrapping it in his cloak; the dogs, however, discovered it, and killed it.

His disposition was frank and social, and his conversation was alike distinguished for learning and playfulness. He was no friend to large parties. He once said, "I waste a great deal of time by going to entertainments. I do not know what evil spirit has given rise to this custom. I cannot well refuse to go to them, but, at the same time, it is a great disadvantage to me."

He had, nevertheless, a keen relish for social intercourse, and his friends delighted to see him in his own domestic circle. His affectionate deportment as a husband and father mingled beautifully with his religious exercises, and threw something of sunshine about his home.

He was exceedingly fond of music, and insisted that it had great power in producing pious and elevated thoughts; in his hours of dejection, nothing soothed him so effectually. In the evening, he always sang a hymn before he parted from his family and friends.*

* It is generally supposed that Luther composed the popular tune called Old Hundred.

Gardening was likewise a favorite amusement with him. Writing to a friend to procure some seeds, he says, "While Satan rages, I will laugh at him, and enjoy my Creator in the garden."

He and his student, Wolfgang, once busied themselves in learning the turner's trade. "My reasons," said he, "are, that, if it should so happen that the world would not support us for the sake of the word of God, we might be able to earn our bread by the labor of our hands."

Luther deemed it a duty to be with his children a good deal. He used to say, "We must often prattle with children, and thus come to their assistance in whatever is good." He was a fond, but very strict father. Once, when his son had committed a fault, he would neither see nor hear of him for three days; yet this was his favorite child, whom he always called his "Johnny." "I," said Luther, "would fain see one that can make these two agree together,—to be *joyful*, and to be *afraid*."

"I cannot behave myself in that manner toward God; but my little son John can show himself so toward me; for when I sit in my study, and write; or do something else, then my boy sings me a song, and when he will be too loud, then I check him a little; yet, nevertheless, he singeth on, but with a more mild and softer tone, and somewhat with fear and reverence. Even so will God likewise have us to do; that we should always rejoice in him, yet with fear and reverence."

LESSON LIII.

Thoughts.

As the sick body is not profited by food, so the vain mind is not benefited by admonition.

Though every moment cannot be laid out on the formal and regular improvement of our knowledge, or in the stated practice of moral and religious duty, yet none should be so spent as to exclude wisdom or virtue, or pass without possibility of qualifying us more or less for the better employment of those which are to come.

You complain that you cannot pray. At least, then, you have *one petition* that you are bound to offer.

Listen, if you would learn ; be silent, if you would be safe.

Blessed is he who spends his life, not in the pursuit of such knowledge as flesh and blood can bestow, but in the study and love of Jesus Christ.

How camest thou by thy honor ? with money. How camest thou by thy money ? with extortion. Compare thy pennyworth with thy price, and tell me truly how honorable thou art. It is an ill purchase that is accompanied with a curse ; and that honor will be ruinous that is built on ruin.

Pride deceives with the subtlety of a serpent, and seems to walk erect, though it crawls upon the earth. How it will twist and twine itself about to get from under the cross, which it is the glory of the Christian calling to be able to bear with patience and good-will !

It is better to have been born with a mind to see things on the best side, than to a fortune of ten thousand a year.

LESSON LIV.

The Wife of Count Lavalette.—MRS. CHILD.

[Lavalette, who was an officer of Buonaparte, had been thrown into prison and condemned to death, on the restoration of the Bourbons.]

For several weeks, her petitions to the king, and duchess D'Angouleme, were incessant. When driven from one door of the palace, she flew to another ; and when again repulsed, she sat down on the stone steps in the court-yard, pale and weary, watching for some means to gain admission. Those who passed by knew her, and pitied her, but they did not dare to show their commiseration.

At last, it became too evident that there was no hope of royal mercy ; only forty-eight hours remained between the prisoner and death. His wife came to make her accustomed daily visit. When they were alone, she said, "I have formed a plan of escape, and provided a place

of refuge for you. At eight o'clock, to-morrow evening, you must go out in my dress ; I will remain. You shall step into my sedan-chair. At the corner of the Rue de St. Peres, you will find M. Baudus with a cabriolet ; he will guide you to a retreat, where you will be safe till you leave France."

Lavalette thought the scheme wild and hazardous ; but she silenced all objections by saying, "You must not reject my plan. If you die, I die. I know it will succeed. I feel that God supports me."

The next day, she was again at the prison. "Our project must be executed to-night," said she ; "for to-morrow, alas ! it will be too late. Ever since I left you, I have been making arrangements to prevent any disaster. Keep up your spirits, for you will need them. As for me, I feel that I have courage for four-and-twenty hours, and not a moment longer ; for I am exhausted with fatigue."

The eventful hour came. Madame Lavalette, with her young daughter, Josephine, paid what was supposed to be a farewell visit to the prisoner. The disguise was assumed. Madame Lavalette was half an inch taller than her husband ; but, in female attire, he appeared about her height. She charged him to hold his handkerchief to his eyes,—to walk slowly and wearily, as she had been accustomed to do,—to stoop at the door, to avoid breaking the plumes of his bonnet, which might lead to delay and detection, &c. &c.

The trying moment came for them to part. "Now God's will be done, my dear," she said. "Keep very calm. Let me feel your pulse. Very well. Feel of mine. Does it indicate the slightest emotion ?"

Poor woman ! it throbbed high with fever ; but she was unconscious of it.

"We must not give way to our feelings," she added ; "for that will ruin all." Lavalette put his marriage-ring on her finger, under the pretence that it might lead to detection, but, in reality, because he feared he should never see her more.

The turnkey was heard, and they exchanged looks without daring to embrace. Madame Lavalette retired behind a screen, and her husband went out. He was obliged to pass through a passage, two rooms and a court, under the eyes of seven turnkeys and twenty soldiers.

These perils were all passed in safety; but two minutes elapsed before the sedan-chair arrived, and those two minutes seemed like ages. Providentially, the cabriolet was brought nearer to the prison than had been at first intended; for the trick was discovered before many minutes.

Lavalette had scarcely passed the outer door of the prison, when the jailer went to examine his room; hearing a noise behind the screen, he went away; but in five minutes he returned, and took a fancy to peep behind the screen. Madame Lavalette tried to hold him by the coat, but he tore himself away so violently that he left a part of it in her hand. A hue and cry was immediately raised.

The sedan-chair was easily overtaken, but it contained only Josephine Lavalette. Her father, in the mean time, was safely concealed in a garret, where he could hear the criers pronouncing heavy penalties upon any one who harbored him.

After remaining in this concealment about twenty days, he, at last, by the assistance of sir Robert Wilson, escaped to Belgium, in the disguise of an English officer. On his way, he passed by his own scaffold, and through the midst of soldiers, who were on the alert to seize him.

The populace, always rejoicing in the defeat of the Bourbons, did not conceal their delight. Madame Lavalette was lauded to the skies. The market-women of Paris talked of her continually.

But she, poor lady! was in hands little inclined to deal mercifully. She remained in prison six weeks, treated with great severity, loaded with abuse, and terrified by the assurance that her husband would be immediately retaken. No letter was allowed to cross the threshold, nor could her friends find any means to communicate with her.

At every noise, she imagined they were bringing the prisoner back. Five-and-twenty days and nights she passed without sleep. This feverish anxiety, acting upon health already enfeebled, produced insanity, from which she suffered more or less during twelve years.

Lavalette left France in January, 1816; in 1822, Louis XVIII. granted him letters of pardon, and he returned to his native country. A host of friends welcomed him;

but his excellent and devoted wife did not know him whom she had sacrificed her reason to save.

This blow almost overwhelmed her husband with despair. He gave up the world, and lived in perfect solitude, devoting his whole time and attention to her. His unremitting kindness produced a salutary effect upon the invalid.

Lavalette closes his Memoirs by saying, "A deep melancholy frequently throws her into fits of abstraction, but she is always equally mild, amiable and good."

I do not know whether madame Lavalette has followed her husband, or whether she still wanders in this vale of tears.

LESSON LV.

Madame La Fayette.—MRS. CHILD.

WHEN La Fayette was imprisoned at Olmutz, in 1793, by the Austrian government, he was informed that he would never again see any thing but the four walls of his cell. Even the jailers were forbidden to mention his name, and in the government despatches he was signified merely by a number. No visitors could gain access to him; no newspapers were allowed; and it was impossible for him to gain the least information concerning the fate of his family.

His wife, for a long time uncertain of his life, was immured in the prisons of Paris, daily expecting to be led to the scaffold, where the greater part of her family had already suffered. During this alarming crisis, she spent much of her time in prayer.

The death of Robespierre saved her; but she did not regain her liberty for some time after. The first use she made of her freedom was to set off for Vienna, with an American passport, and under a feigned name.

Here she succeeded in exciting the compassion of prince De Rossenberg, by whose means she obtained an audience with the emperor. She pleaded strongly for the release of her husband, on the grounds of common justice and humanity, and urged her strong desire to see him restored to his family.

The emperor said it was out of his power to grant her request, but he was willing she and her two daughters (then about twelve and fifteen years of age) should enliven the prisoner by taking up their abode with him. This indulgence was gratefully accepted, and the long-separated friends were restored to each other.

Madame La Fayette was deeply affected at the emaciated figure and pale countenance of her husband. She found him suffering under annoyances much worse than she had feared.

She wished to write to the emperor, but this was refused. She made applications for redress in other quarters, but received no answer, except, "Madame La Fayette has submitted to share the captivity of her husband. It is her own choice."

At length, her health, already impaired by sixteen months' imprisonment in Paris, began to give way. She solicited permission to go to Vienna to breathe pure air, and consult a physician. During two months she received no reply; but, at last, she was informed that the emperor permitted her to go out, upon condition that she never returned to the prison.

Being desired to signify her choice in writing, she wrote as follows:—

"I considered it a duty to my family and friends to desire the assistance necessary for my health; but they well know it cannot be accepted by me at the price attached to it. I cannot forget that, while we were on the point of perishing,—myself by the tyranny of Robespierre, and my husband by the physical and moral sufferings of captivity,—I was not permitted to obtain any intelligence of him, nor to acquaint him that his children and myself were yet alive; and I shall not expose myself to the horrors of another separation.

"Whatever, then, may be the state of my health, and the inconvenience of this abode for my daughters, we will gratefully avail ourselves of his imperial majesty's generosity, in permitting us to partake this captivity in all its circumstances."

After this, madame La Fayette, fearful of being separated from her husband, refrained from making any complaint; although the air of the prison was so foetid, that

the soldiers who brought food covered their faces when they opened the door.

The excellent man, to whom our country owes so much, continued at Olmutz four years.

The unsuccessful efforts to effect his escape, made by Henry Bollman, a young German, and Francis Huger, a South Carolinian (whose father had first received La Fayette, when he came to the United States), are too universally known to be repeated here. Joseph Russell, esq., of Boston, was in Paris during the reign of Robespierre, and by his aid, the son, George Washington La Fayette, came to America, where he remained till his family were in safety.

After much equivocation and delay, the intervention of Buonaparte released the prisoners from Austrian power. La Fayette resided in Hamburg and Holstein for a time, and then returned to France, after an absence of eight years.

His wife belonged to the noble family of Noailles. Her character was patient, gentle and affectionate; and she was, of course, much beloved by her husband and children.

During her various imprisonments, surrounded by an accumulation of horrors, her health received a shock from which it never recovered. She died in 1807.

All the world know that the venerable patriarch still survives at La Grange, surrounded by affectionate children and grandchildren.

LESSON LVI.

Earthquake at Caraccas.—HUMBOLDT.

THE 26th of March, 1812, was excessively hot; the air was calm, and the sky cloudless. It was Holy Thursday, and a great part of the population was in the churches. The calamities of the day were preceded by no indications of danger.

At seven minutes after four in the evening, the first commotion was felt. It was so strong as to make the bells of the churches ring. It lasted from five to six

seconds, and was immediately followed by another shock of from ten to twelve seconds, during which the ground was in a continual state of undulation, and heaved like a boiling fluid.

The danger was thought to be over, when a prodigious subterranean noise was heard, resembling the rolling of thunder, but louder and more prolonged than that heard within the tropics during thunder-storms. This noise preceded a perpendicular motion of about three or four seconds, followed by an undulatory motion of somewhat longer duration.

The shocks were in opposite directions, from north to south, and from east to west. It was impossible that any thing could resist the motion from beneath, upwards, and the undulations crossing each other. The city of Caraccas was completely overthrown.

Thousands of the inhabitants (from nine to ten thousand) were buried under the ruins of the churches and houses. The procession had not set out; but the crowd in the churches was so great, that nearly three or four thousand individuals were crushed to death by the falling in of the vaulted roofs.

The explosion was stronger on the north side of the town, in the part nearest the mountain of Avila and the Silla. The churches of the Trinity and Alta Gracia, which were more than a hundred and fifty feet in height, and of which the nave was supported by pillars from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, left a mass of ruins, no where higher than five or six feet. The sinking of the ruins has been so great, that, at present, hardly any vestige remains of the pillars and columns.

The barracks, situated farther to the north of the church of the Trinity, almost entirely disappeared. A regiment of troops of the line, which was assembled under arms to join in the procession, was, with the exception of a few individuals, buried under a large building.

Nine tenths of the fine town of Caraccas were entirely reduced to ruins. The effects were not quite so disastrous in the southern and western parts of the town, between the great square and the ravine of Caraguata; there, the cathedral, supported by enormous buttresses, remains standing.

In estimating the number of persons killed in Caraccas

at nine or ten thousand, we do not include those unhappy individuals who were severely wounded, and perished several weeks after from want of food and proper attention. The night of Holy Thursday presented the most distressing scenes of desolation and sorrow.

The thick cloud of dust, which rose above the ruins, and darkened the air like a mist, had fallen again to the ground; the shocks had ceased; never was there a finer or quieter night. The moon, nearly at the full, illuminated the rounded summits of the Silla, and the serenity of the heavens contrasted strongly with the state of the earth, which was strown with ruins and dead bodies.

Mothers were seen carrying in their arms children whom they hoped to recall to life; desolate females ran through the city in quest of a brother, a husband, or a friend, of whose fate they were ignorant, and whom they supposed to have been separated from them in the crowd. The people pressed along the streets, which now could only be distinguished by heaps of ruins arranged in lines.

All the calamities experienced in the great earthquakes of Lisbon, Messina, Lima and Riobama were repeated on the fatal day of the 26th of March, 1812. The wounded, buried under the ruins, implored the assistance of the passers-by with loud cries, and more than two thousand of them were dug out.

Never was pity displayed in a more affecting manner; there was an entire want of instruments adapted for digging up the ground, and the people were obliged to use their hands for the purpose of disinterring the living. Beds, linen for dressing wounds, surgical instruments, medicines, in short, every thing necessary for the treatment of the wounded, had been buried in the ruins.

During the first days, nothing could be procured,—not even food. Within the city, water became equally scarce. The commotion had broken the pipes of the fountain, and the falling in of the earth had obstructed the springs which supplied them. To obtain water, it was necessary to descend as far as the Rio Guayra, which was considerably swelled, and there were no vessels for drawing it.

There remained to be performed, towards the dead, a duty imposed alike by piety and the dread of infection. As it was impossible to inter so many thousands of bodies, half buried in the ruins, commissioners were appointed to

burn them. Funeral piles were erected among the heaps of rubbish. This ceremony lasted several days.

Amid so many public calamities, the people ardently engaged in the religious exercises which they thought best adapted to appease the anger of Heaven. Restitution was promised by individuals who had never been accused of theft, and families who had long been at enmity drew together, from the feeling of a common evil.

LESSON LVII.

Mother, what is Death?—MRS. GILMAN.

“MOTHER, how still the baby lies!—
I cannot hear his breath,
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death!

“My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—He is dead!

“They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now,
That God will bless him in the skies—
O, mother, tell me how!”

“Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here,—
A withered worm, you thought?

“I told you that Almighty Power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

“Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
An empty shell it lies;—

Now raise your wandering thoughts above,
To where yon insect flies."

"O, yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold!—
And see! it lightly flies away,
Beyond my gentle hold.

"O, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range;—

"How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things!"

LESSON LVIII.

The Modern Jerusalem.—DR. RUSSELL.

ON crossing the small ravine which divides the modern city from mount Zion, the attention of the traveller is drawn to the three ancient monuments, or, more properly, ruins, covered with buildings comparatively modern—the house of Caiaphas, the place where Christ held his last supper, and the tomb or palace of David.

The first of these is now a church, the religious service of which is performed by Armenians; the second, consecrated by the affecting solemnity, with the memory of which it is still associated, presents a mosque and a Turkish hospital; while the third, a small, vaulted apartment, contains only three sepulchres, formed of dark-colored stone.

This holy hill is equally celebrated in the Old Testament and in the New. Here the successor of Saul built a city and a royal dwelling,—here he kept for three months the ark of the covenant,—here the Redeemer instituted the sacrament which commemorates his death,—here he

appeared to his disciples on the day of his resurrection,—and here the Holy Ghost descended on the apostles.

The place hallowed by the last supper, if we may believe the early fathers, was transformed into the first Christian temple the world ever saw, where St. James the Less was consecrated the first bishop of Jerusalem, and where he presided in the first council of the church. Finally, it was from this spot that the apostles, in compliance with the injunction to go and teach all nations, departed, without purse and without scrip, to seat their religion upon all the thrones of the earth.

Descending mount Zion on the east side, you perceive, in the valley, the fountain and pool of Siloam, so celebrated in the history of our Saviour's miracles. The brook itself is ill supplied with water, and, compared with the ideas formed in the mind by the fine invocation of the poet, usually creates disappointment.

Going a few paces to the northward, you come to the source of the scanty rivulet, which is called by some the Fountain of the Virgin, from an opinion that she frequently came hither to drink. It appears in a recess about twenty feet lower than the surface, and under an arched vault of masonry tolerably well executed.

The rock had been originally hewn down to reach this pool; and a small crooked passage, of which only the beginning is seen, is said to convey the water out of the valley of Siloam, and to supply the means of irrigating the little gardens still cultivated in that spot. Notwithstanding the dirty state of the water, and its harsh and brackish taste, it is still used by pilgrims for diseases of the eye.

It is said to have a gentle ebb and flow, sometimes discharging its current, like the Fountain of Vaucluse; at others, retaining and scarcely suffering it to run at all. The Levites, we are likewise told, used to sprinkle the water of Siloam on the altar, at the Feast of Tabernacles, saying, "Ye shall draw water with joy from the wells of salvation."

The valley of Jehoshaphat stretches between the eastern walls of the city and the mount of Olives, containing a great variety of objects, to which allusion is made in the sacred writings. It was sometimes called the King's Dale, from a reference to an event recorded in the history

of Abraham; and was afterward distinguished by the name of Jehoshaphat, because that sovereign erected in it a magnificent tomb.

This narrow vale seems to have always served as a burying-place for the inhabitants of the holy city; there you meet with monuments of the most remote ages, as well as of the most modern times; thither the descendants of Jacob resort, from the four quarters of the globe, to yield up their last breath; and a foreigner sells to them, for its weight in gold, a scanty spot of earth to cover their remains in the land of their forefathers.

Observing many Jews, whom I could easily recognize by their yellow turbans, quick, dark eyes, black eyebrows, and bushy beards, walking about the place, and reposing along the brook Kidron, in a pensive mood, the pathetic language of the psalmist occurred to me, as expressing the subject of their meditation—"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down, and we wept when we remembered Zion." Upon frequently inquiring the motive that prompted them in attempting to go to Jerusalem, the answer was, "To die in the land of our fathers."

The valley or dale still exhibits a very desolate appearance. The western side is a high chalk cliff, supporting the walls of the city, above which you perceive Jerusalem itself; while the eastern acclivity is formed by the mount of Olives and the mount of Offence, so called from the idolatry which oppresses the fame of Solomon.

These two hills are nearly naked, and of a dull red color. On their slopes are seen, here and there, a few bleak and parched vines, some groves of wild olive-trees, wastes covered with hyssop, chapels, oratories and mosques in ruins. At the bottom of the valley, you discover a bridge of a single arch, thrown across the channel of the brook Kidron.

The stones in the Jewish cemetery look like a heap of rubbish at the foot of the mount of Offence, below the Arab village of Siloam, the paltry houses of which are scarcely to be distinguished from the surrounding sepulchres.

From the stillness of Jerusalem, whence no smoke arises, and no noise proceeds,—from the solitude of these hills, where no living creature is to be seen,—from the

ruinous state of all these tombs, overthrown, broken, and half open,—you would imagine that the last trumpet had already sounded, and that the valley of Jehoshaphat was about to render up its dead.

LESSON LIX.

Self-taught Men.—EDWARD EVERETT.

West, the famous painter, was the son of a Quaker in Philadelphia; he was too poor, at the beginning of his career, to purchase canvass and colors, and he rose eventually to be the first artist in Europe, and president of the Royal Academy at London.

Count Rumford was the son of a farmer at Woburn; he never had the advantage of a college education, but used to walk down to Cambridge, to hear the lectures on natural philosophy. He became one of the most eminent philosophers in Europe, founded the Royal Institution in London, and had the merit of bringing forward sir Humphrey Davy, as the lecturer on chemistry in that establishment.

Robert Fulton was a portrait-painter in Pennsylvania, without friends or fortune. By his successful labors in perfecting steam-navigation, he has made himself one of the greatest benefactors of man.

Whitney, the son of a Massachusetts farmer, was a machinist. His cotton-gin, according to judge Johnson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, has trebled the value of all the cotton lands at the south, and has had an incalculable influence on the agricultural and mechanical industry of the world.

Whittemore of West Cambridge, the person who invented the machinery for the manufacture of cards, possessed no other means of improvement than those which are within the reach of every temperate and industrious man.

Some of our readers have probably been made acquainted with the modest and sterling merit of the late Mr. *Paul Moody*. To the efforts of his self-taught mind, the early prosperity of the great manufacturing establishments at

Waltham and Lowell is in no small degree owing.—I believe I may say with truth, that not one of these individuals enjoyed, at the outset, superior opportunities for acquiring useful knowledge, to those of most of our readers.

These are all departed ; but we have living among us illustrious instances of men who, without early advantages, but by the resolute improvement of the few opportunities thrown in their way, have rendered themselves, in like manner, useful to their fellow men, the objects of admiration to those who witness their attainments, and of gratitude to those who reap the fruit of their labor.

On a late visit to New Haven, I saw exhibited a most beautiful work of art ; two figures in marble, representing the affecting meeting of Jephthah and his daughter, as described in the Bible. The daughter, a lovely young woman, is represented as going forth, with the timbrel in her hand, to meet her father as he returns in triumph from the wars.

Her father had rashly vowed to sacrifice to the Lord the first living thing which he should meet on his return ; and as his daughter runs forth to embrace him, he rends his garments, and turns his head in agony at the thought of his vow. The young maiden pauses, astonished and troubled at the strange reception.

This pathetic scene is beautifully represented in two marble figures of most exquisite taste, finished in a style that would do credit to a master in the art. They are the work of a self-taught artist at New Haven, who began life, I have been informed, as a retailer of liquors. This business he was obliged to give up, under a heavy load of debt.

He then turned his attention to carving in wood, and, by his skill and thrift in that pursuit, succeeded in paying off the debts of his former establishment,—to the amount of several thousand dollars. Thus honorably placed at liberty, he has since devoted himself to the profession of a sculptor, and, without education, without funds, without instruction, he has risen at once to extraordinary proficiency in this difficult and beautiful art, and bids fair to enrol his name among the brightest geniuses of his day.

LESSON LX.

The Graves of a Household.—MRS. HEMANS.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee,—
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent, at night,
O'er each fair, sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight :—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue, lone sea hath one,—
He lies where pearls lie deep—
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed,
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed,
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas ! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth !

LESSON LXI.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.—MRS. HEMANS, ✓

THE breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed ;—

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;—

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear :—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea !
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free !

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest, by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band :—
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground—
 The soil where first they trod !
 They have left unstained, what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God !



LESSON LXII.

The Pilgrim's Progress.—GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

PERHAPS no other work could be named which, admired by cultivated minds, has had, at the same time, such an ameliorating effect on the lower classes in society as the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It is a book so full of native good sense, that no mind can read it without gaining in wisdom and vigor of judgment.

What an amazing effect it must have produced, in this way, on the mass of common minds brought under its power ! We cannot compute the good it has thus accomplished on earth. It is one of the books that, by being connected with the dearest associations of childhood, always retains its hold on the heart, and exerts a double influence, when, at a graver age, and less under the despotism given to imagination in childhood, we read it with a serene and thoughtful perception of its meaning.

How many children have become better citizens of the world through life, from the perusal of this book almost in

infancy! And how many, through its instrumentality, may have been fitted after life to live forever! The Christian warfare is here arrayed in the glow of imagination to make it attractive.

How many pilgrims, in hours when perseverance was almost exhausted, and was yielding, and clouds and darkness were gathering, have felt a sudden return of animation and courage, from the remembrance of Christian's severe conflicts, and his glorious entrance, at last, through the gates into the city!

As the work draws to its conclusion, the poet's soul seems to expand with the glory of his subject. The description of Christian's and Hopeful's entrance up through the regions of the air into the celestial city, preceded by the touching account of their passing the river of death, though composed of the simplest materials, and depicted in the simplest language, with Scripture imagery almost exclusively, constitutes one of the finest passages in English literature.

The shining ones, and the beauty and glory of their conversation; the angels and their melodious notes; the pilgrims among them, "in heaven, as it were, before they came to it;" the city itself in view, and all the bells ringing for joy of their welcome; "the warm and joyful thoughts they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that forever and ever;" the letters of gold written over the gate; the transfiguration of the men as they entered, and the raiment put on them, that shone like gold; the harps and crowns given them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor; the bells in the city again ringing for joy; the shout of welcome, "ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF OUR LORD;" the men themselves singing, with a loud voice, "BLESSING, AND HONOR, AND GLORY, AND POWER BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND UNTO THE LAMB FOREVER AND EVER."

"Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold! the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns upon their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

"There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy,

holy, holy is the Lord !' And after that, they shut up the gates, *which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.*"

THAT CITY! The genius of Martin fails to delineate its architectural splendors ; yet his is a magnificent engraving. Those mighty domes, piles far stretching into dimness, city after city sinking, at length, into indistinguishable splendor, and lost in light !

LESSON LXIII.

Power of Maternal Piety.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"WHEN I was a little child (said a good old man), my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back, by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations ; but, when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed,—'O, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God !' "

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear ;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed ;
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came, the props of virtue reeled ;
But oft, at day's decline,

A marble touch my brow congealed—
Blest mother, was it thine ?

In foreign lands I travelled wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lured my eye ;—

Yet still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
Maintained its mystic sway,
As when, amid my curls of gold,
With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod,—
“ My son, my only one, beware !
Nor sin against thy God !”

That hallowed touch was ne’er forgot ;
And now, though time hath set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

And if I e’er in heaven appear,
A mother’s holy prayer,
A mother’s hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Saviour dear,
Have led the wanderer there.

LESSON LXIV.

Passage of the Andes.—J. C. BRIGHAM.

WE spent the night by the side of an immense rock, which had, at some time, been precipitated from the mountain, and which was shelving on one side, so as to admit our beds entirely under. A circular wall had before been made, nearly around the side mentioned, and which we improved; so that the wind was excluded, and we slept with little inconvenience from the cold. The next morn-

ing, we rose early, crossed the stream, which was now low, and pursued our journey.

The valley grew wider and greener as we advanced, and springs of water, some of them chalybeate, were seen on every side. At ten o'clock, we crossed over a spur of the mountain, of great height, but which was still more pleasant than to have passed its precipice, had that been practicable. Leaving this spur, we soon after saw the end of this long valley, which we had for several days been ascending. *El Cumbre*, the top ridge of the Andes, was in full view, two leagues distant. The Mendoza, which was now greatly reduced in size and rapidity, we soon crossed, where widely spread, without difficulty. The head of this valley, where terminated by the Cumbre, is a mile wide, and nearly level; and is entered at the north-west corner by the Mendoza, which comes directly from the north, through another long, narrow valley, parallel with the top ridge of the Andes, and only one league from it.

We reached the foot of the Cumbre soon after twelve, and prepared our breakfast. The sun was now shining with intense brightness, so that we were not uncomfortably cool, although the cliffs around were covered with snow, and many large banks of it yet in the valley. The scenery was exactly that which I had witnessed in the mountainous parts of New England (save that the scale was here more grand), in some of the sunny days of March, when the snows are beginning to melt, and spots of grass, here and there, are starting forth into life.

I had anticipated much pleasure in standing on the summit of these celebrated mountains, here 17,000 feet above the sea, and looking down upon the world below. I soon found, however, that my incurious and over-prudent companions were resolved to stop at the resting-place, and cross the Cumbre in the night.

For this measure, they assigned three reasons: 1st, that the wind, on the top, was terrible by day; 2dly, that the light from the thin air and snow was dangerous to the eyes; and, 3dly, that the snow was soft, and would not bear the animals. I tried to break down, or rather ridicule, all their objections, telling them that hundreds did pass by day, and without harm, if faithful in veiling their eyes. But finding that I might as well attempt to move

the Cumbre itself, as them; I resolved to go on foot to the summit, that afternoon, and return. I could not bear the thought of passing this interesting height in the dark, and seeing nothing. And as the ascent, though very steep, was only one league, I believed I could gain the top, and should be rewarded for my toil. The company all declared that I could not accomplish the task, with the exception of the Canonigo; he said I *would* surely do it, for, said he, "These *Norte Americanos* are made of very different stuff from what we are; they can do *any thing*."

The path up the Cumbre is one continued zigzag, the turns at the bottom about three rods apart, but towards the top less than one; and all the way more steep, by far, than any road that I had ever ascended. Towards the top, I could rarely travel two rods without resting. This, however, was to be attributed not only to the steepness of the way, but the extreme rarity of the air. I seemed to be breathing ether, and was by a little effort put out of breath. This place is, for mules, far worse than any other part of the journey. The carcasses of many were lying along the sides of the path, and also many loads of soap, &c., which the death of some, and the weariness of others, had caused to be left.

Drawing near the summit, I was obliged to desist from looking down the mountain, as its great steepness, and my extreme fatigue, produced a degree of giddiness.

In about three hours from the time of leaving my companions, my feet were on the wished-for summit, and I felt, for once, that I was indeed on the *top* of the world.

To the east, far as the eye could reach, were seen, lower and lower down, successive ranges of barren, rugged mountains, and the deep, winding valley of the Mendoza cutting through them all, and throwing up its mists around their frozen tops. To the west was another series of mountains, cut through by another furious river and its deep channel.

On this side of the Cumbre, the snow, for several leagues down, was piled, many feet thick, over the whole surface, as it was here but little affected by the rays of the sun. To the north and south could be seen numerous high points of the Cumbre, particularly that of *Tupungato*, the highest in this part of the Andes, and but six leagues from the road. All these points were white with snow, except

in some abrupt ledges, where a dark, iron-colored stone was contrasted with its whiteness. The wind was, indeed, strong on the summit, and had blown the snow and dirt from the place where the road crossed, leaving it naked and clean. On the very top of the ridge, which is here but six or eight rods wide, runs, transversely, a vein of copper ore, one foot wide, and many of the small stones around are colored green by its oxide. A few rods south of the road is placed a large wooden cross, where some one (report says, an Englishman) was once murdered.

LESSON LXV.

Approach to the City of Mexico.—J. C. BRIGHAM.

COMING to Mexico, the most valuable of the Spanish possessions in the new world, with a population nearly equal to all the others united, and where had long been a numerous and extravagant nobility, I was prepared to find an imposing worship, a corrupt priesthood, and a superstitious people.

On the way from the Pacific coast to the capital, I saw continual proof that my anticipations were correct. Nearly every plantation, hill and stream bore the name of some saint: every dwelling, even the poorest Indian's hut, was furnished with small images and paintings of the Virgin; and sometimes fancied images were pointed out in the high rocks, where the deluded people came and poured out their supplications.

But it was on gaining the summit of the last mountain, which overlooks the spacious upper valley, that their religion appeared in its most imposing form. The great metropolis, with its white walls, was seen in the centre of the plain, its tall spires, domes and towers shooting up in such numbers that every house seemed a temple, and all the people's business praise. The valley, too, in every direction, was crowded with small villages and churches, where ascended numerous other towers, on which the last rays of the sun were now falling.

As it was the time of evening prayers, hundreds of deep-toned bells were slowly tolling, while the surrounding hills were repeating and throwing back their echoes on the plain below. Had I been a Catholic, I should have said, "This is the beauty of holiness ; this is the place where the Lord delights to dwell." But I had before, in other places, seen, with pain, the hollow pomp of their religion, and how seldom it is connected with purity of life.

I remembered, too, the days when the troops of Cortez entered this quiet paradise ; how they tortured the poor, defenceless natives, and founded in blood the walls of the present city ; and, instead of pleasing emotions, I could not but weep over the fallen nature of man, and the vain toys which he can offer his Saviour in place of brokenness of heart.

A few miles from the town was shown, by the side of the lake, the ancient convent built by Cortez at the beginning of the conquest ; and near the suburbs was pointed out the church where that hypocritical conqueror was interred. Both of these buildings are yet firm and in use ; though, from the lapse of three centuries, and the military association of their origin, they seem invested with a kind of Roman antiquity.

LESSON LXVI.

Selections in Poetry.

"SUFFER that little children come to me,
 Forbid them not." Emboldened by his words,
 The mothers onward press ; but, finding vain
 The attempt to reach the Lord, they trust their babes
 To strangers' hands ; the innocents, alarmed
 Amid the throng of faces all unknown,
 Shrink, trembling,—till their wandering eyes discern
 The countenance of JESUS, beaming love
 And pity ; eager then they stretch their arms,
 And, cowering, lay their heads upon his breast.

GRAHAME. ✓

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet, the early-rising sun
 Has not attained its noon.
 Stay, stay
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even song ;
 And to Jesus having prayed, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you or any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
 Retune thy strings, for Jesus' sake ;
 We sing the Saviour of our race,
 The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
 The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;
 To him, though guilty, still we run,
 And God still spares us for his Son.

KIRKE WHITE.

LESSON LXVII.

Last Hours of the Missionary Parsons.—PLINY FISK.

Mr. Parsons was a missionary of the American board of missions, and died at Alexandria, in Egypt, February 10th, 1822. Mr. Fisk, who describes the scene in a very simple and affecting manner, was a fellow missionary.

His symptoms continued favorable till day before yesterday, and our hopes were rather brightened. Then his diarrhœa returned, though not severely; and the physician said it would be easy to cure it. Yesterday it was worse, and he was weaker than I had ever seen him. My apprehensions, respecting a fatal termination of his disorder, were greatly excited. He conversed on the subject with his usual serenity, referring the event continually to the will of God, as he has always been accustomed to do.

Last evening, we spent a most precious hour in reading the Scriptures, prayer and conversation. We read John xiv., and conversed some time about the twenty-seventh verse,—“Peace I leave with you,” &c. After conversing about an hour, I told him it was necessary that he should stop, and take some rest. He replied, “I feel as though I could converse two hours longer. You don’t know how refreshing these seasons are to me.” He then fell asleep, and I sat down to write. I soon heard him saying, in his sleep,—“The goodness of God—growth in grace—fulfilment of the promises—so God is all in heaven, and all on earth.”

After sleeping a while, he awoke, and seemed about as usual at that hour. I proposed sitting by his side through the night, but he insisted on my going to bed; said he felt as though he should have a very quiet night; and as his attendant always slept near him, and awoke at the least word or motion, he urged me to retire to rest. About eleven o’clock I bid him good night, and wished that God might put underneath him the arms of everlasting mercy. He replied, “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him.”

These, my dear sir, were the last words that I ever heard that beloved brother speak,—the last that I shall hear him, until I hear him speak in the language of immortality. Twice, while I slept, he awoke, and told Antonio, his

servant, that he had slept very quietly, and felt easy and well. At half past three, Antonio heard him speak, or groan, and started up. He saw something was the matter, and called me. It was evident that he was dying. I attempted to commend his departing spirit to that Redeemer on whom he had believed. I pressed his hand, and kissed his quivering lips, and spoke to him; but he gave me no answer,—not even a look or a motion. He took no notice of me, or of any thing around him. His appointed time had arrived. He continued to breathe till a quarter past four.

Then the muscles of his face were knit together as if he was in pain. It was the dying struggle. It was the dissolution of the last ties that united soul and body. It was the soul breaking off its last fetters. His features then became placid again. His breath stopped. His pulse ceased to beat. His soul took its immortal flight.

After the first pang of separation, I stood pensive by the corpse, thinking of the scenes which were opening to his view. O what glories! O what glories!

I turned my thoughts to myself, and found my heart sick and faint. But I have not room here to describe the emotions that agitated my breast.

A little while after, as there was no person with me who understood English, I read a chapter and prayed in Greek with Antonio, and then we dressed the body for the grave.

Early in the forenoon, Mr. Lee, the consul, called on me, and kindly offered to see that all necessary arrangements were made for the funeral. He said that in this climate it was necessary to bury soon to prevent putrefaction. On this account, he thought it necessary that the funeral should be to-day. Four o'clock was accordingly appointed.

All the English gentlemen resident in the place, six or seven in number, the captains of several English ships, and a great number of merchants, principally Maltese, attended the funeral. The consul walked with me next to the coffin, and the others, sixty or seventy in number, followed in procession to the Greek convent, where the few English who reside here bury their dead. At the grave, I read some verses from Job xiv. Ps. xxxix. 1 Cor. xv. and Rev. xxi. xxii., and then made a short address, and closed with

prayer. We then committed the dust to its kindred dust, there to await the archangel's trumpet.

LESSON LXVIII.

The Burial Anthem.—MILMAN.

A few months after the death of Parsons, Messrs. Fisk, King, and other missionaries, visited his grave, and sang around it the following hymn :—

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load ;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode :
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail ;
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed :

But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

LESSON LXIX.

Approach to Constantinople.—WILLIAM GOODELL.

As we approached Constantinople, the most enchanting prospect opened to view. In the country on our left were fields rich in cultivation and fruitfulness. On our right were the little isles of this sea; and beyond, the high lands of Broosa, with Olympus, rearing its head above the clouds, and covered with eternal snow.

In the city, mosques, domes, and hundreds of lofty minarets were starting up amidst the more humble abodes of men, all embosomed in groves of dark cypresses, which, in some instances, seemed almost like a forest; while before, behind and around us were (besides many boats of the country) more than twenty square-rigged vessels, bearing the flags of different nations, all under full sail, with a light but favorable breeze—all converging to one point, and that CONSTANTINOPLE. When we first caught a glimpse of Top-Hana, Galata and Pera, stretching from the water's edge to the summit of the hill, and began to sweep round Seraglio Point, the view became most beautiful and sublime. It greatly surpassed all that I had ever conceived of it.

We had been sailing along what I should call the south side of the city, for four or five miles, and were now entering the Bosphorus, with the city on our left, and Scutari on our right. The mosques of St. Sophia and of sultan Achmed, or Selim (for I have not ascertained which), with the palaces and gardens of the present sultan, Mahmoud, were before us in all their majesty and loveliness. Numerous boats were shooting rapidly by us in all directions, giving to the scene the appearance of life, activity, pleasure and business.

The vessels before us had been retarded, and those behind had been speeded, and we were sweeping round

the Golden Horn in almost as rapid succession as was possible—every captain apparently using all his skill to prevent coming in contact with his neighbor, or being carried away by the current; and every passenger apparently, like ourselves, gazing with admiration on the numerous objects of wonder on every hand.

LESSON LXX.

The College Student.—J. ABBOTT.

A BOY of about twelve or fourteen years of age, a member of an academy in which he was pursuing his studies preparatory to his admission to college, sees the duty of commencing a religious life. He walks some evening at sunset, alone, over the green fields which surround the village in which he resides, and the stillness and beauty of the scene around him bring him to a serious and thoughtful frame of mind.

God is speaking to him in the features of beauty and of splendor in which the face of nature is decked. The glorious western sky reminds him of the hand which spread its glowing colors. He looks into the dark grove, in the edge of which he is walking, and its expression of deep, unbroken solitude brings a feeling of calm solemnity over his soul.

The declining sun,—the last faint whispers of the dying evening breeze,—the solitary and mournful note which comes to him from a lofty branch of some tall tree in the depth of the forest,—these, and the thousand other circumstances of such a scene, speak to him, most distinctly, of the flight of time, and of the approach of that evening when the sun of his life is to decline, and this world cease forever to be his home.

As he muses in this scene, he feels the necessity of a preparation for death, and, as he walks slowly homeward, he is *almost* determined to come at once to the conclusion to commence immediately a life of piety. He reflects, however, upon the unpleasant publicity of such a change. He has many irreligious friends whom it is hard to relin-

quish, and he shrinks from forming new acquaintances in a place he is so soon to leave.

He reflects that he is soon to be transferred to college, and that there he can begin anew. He resolves that when he enters college walls, he will enter a Christian; that he will, from the first, be known as one determined to do his duty towards God. He will form no irreligious friendships, and then he will have none to sunder. He will fall into no irreligious practices, and then he will have none to abandon.

He thinks he can thus avoid the awkwardness of a public change. He is ungenerous enough to wish to steal thus secretly into the kingdom of heaven, without humbling any of his pride by an open admission that he has been wrong. He waits for *a more convenient season*.

When he finds himself on college-ground, however, his heart does not turn any more easily to his duties towards God. First, there is the feverish interest of the examination,—then the novelty of the public recitation-room,—the untried, unknown instructor,—the new room-mate,—and all the multiplied and varied excitements which are always to be found in college walls.

There are new acquaintances to form, new countenances to speculate upon, and new characters to study; and in these, and similar objects of occupation and interest, week after week glides rapidly away. At last, one Saturday evening, the last of the term, he is walking over the college grounds, and among the other serious reflections that come upon his mind, there are the following:—

“One whole term has now passed, and what have become of my resolutions to return to God? How swiftly the weeks have glided away! and I have been going farther and farther from God and from duty. I find that I cannot, in college any more than in any other place, become a Christian without effort and self-denial.

“I *must* come boldly to the duty of giving up my heart to God, and commencing, publicly, a Christian life; and, whenever I do this, it must be hard at first. I will attend to the subject this vacation. I shall be quiet and retired at home, and shall have a favorable opportunity there to attend to my duty, and make my peace with God. I will come back to college, next term, a new man.”

Such are his reflections. Instead of resolving to do his

duty *now*, he looks forward again, notwithstanding his former disappointment, to another *more convenient season*. The bustle of the closing term, and the plans and preparations for the approaching vacation, soon engross his mind, and, instead of coming to his Maker at once, and *going home* a Christian, he puts it off in hopes to *return one*. Vain hope! He will undoubtedly come back as he goes, procrastinating duty.

Term after term, and vacation after vacation, pass away, and the work of preparing for another world is still postponed and neglected. The longer it is postponed, the worse it is; for he is becoming more and more known as an irreligious young man, and becomes more and more intimately connected with those whose influence is all against religion.

He soon quiets conscience with the reflection that, while he is in the lower classes, he is much more under the control of public opinion; others, older and more advanced than he, take the lead in forming the sentiments of the community, and it is harder for him to act independently now, on a subject which affects his standing in the estimation of his companions, than it will be when he shall have passed on to a higher class, and shall have influence in forming a public sentiment, to act upon others, instead of having others form it for him.

The closing months of college life at last come on, bringing with them less and less disposition to do his duty. He has become familiarized to the idea of living without God. His long and intimate acquaintance with irreligious companions has bound him to them by ties which he is not willing to sunder.

Not ties of affection; for there is seldom much confidence or love in such a case. They are ties of mere acquaintance,—mere community of sentiment and action: he dreads to break away from what gives him little pleasure, and is thus bound by a mysterious and unreasonable, but almost hopeless, slavery.

He leaves college either utterly confirmed in insensibility to religious truth, or else, when he occasionally thinks of the subject, faintly hoping that, in the bustle of life, some *more convenient season* may occur, which he may seize as a time for making his peace with God.

LESSON LXXI.

Importance of Personal Piety.—JANE TAYLOR.

The following excellent advice was given by Jane Taylor, in a letter to some young friends, just before her death.

I know not where to begin, nor how to find language to reach the heights and depths of this boundless subject. No language, indeed, can do this: and, therefore, we find in the Scriptures no attempt is made beyond the most plain and simple statements; but which are, on that very account, the more striking. What, for instance, could the utmost powers of language add in force to that question—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

And, my dear friends, there is very great danger, notwithstanding all the warnings and admonitions we receive—there is very great danger of losing our souls! It is so easy to pass on from one stage of life to another, from youth to age, with good intentions towards religion, and with a common, respectable attention to it, without once coming to the point, without once tasting the happiness of a good hope, or enjoying the supreme satisfaction of making a full surrender of our hearts and lives to God. Multitudes of the professors of religion thus live and thus die—making their comfort and prosperity in this life their chief object of pursuit, and paying only so much attention to religion as they deem *absolutely necessary* to escape eternal destruction.

But this is not Christianity, as the Scriptures describe it; and it is surprising that, with the Bible in their hands, any person can make so great a mistake about it. If God has not our *hearts*, we are not his. He will accept nothing less. If our affections are not in heaven, we shall never reach it. I remember that, during my youth, I was for many years greatly discouraged, and almost in despair at last, on this account—feeling the impossibility of bringing my earthly mind to prefer spiritual things—to love God better than the world.

At length, in a letter from a pious friend, I was reminded that this great work, though impossible to me, was easy

to him; and that he had promised to do it for all who ask. From that time, my difficulties began to yield. I saw how absurd it was to doubt the promise of God; and that it was in respect to these very difficulties that he says, "Seek, and ye shall find." So that I began to see, with unspeakable joy, that the hardness, reluctance, and earthliness of my heart were no real obstacles, provided that I did but apply to him for a cure. Yes, to cast ourselves entirely on God, to do all for us, in the diligent use of means, is the sure, the only way, to obtain the benefit.

But it is surprising what reluctance there is in the mind to do this; and how ready we are to try every other means first; especially, we are unwilling to come, by a simple act of faith, to the Saviour, and to accept from him a remedy for all the evils of our nature, although there is no other way. How much labor is often lost for want of this! Come to him, my dear friends, and "he will not cast you out." He declares he will not: and come as you are. It is Satan's constant artifice to persuade us that we must wait till we are *fit* to come; and as this faith, that believes and lives, however simple, is the gift of God, pray incessantly, importunately, till you receive it.

To use means is our part; it is a comparatively easy part; and if we will not even do this, it shows that we are not at all in earnest on the subject. I will mention, then, as the first and the last,—as that which is indispensable to our making any progress in religion,—*daily, constant, private prayer*. I am aware that where this habit has not been formed very early, there may be a sort of awkwardness and false shame felt in the commencement of it in a family; but it is *false shame*, which a little effort will conquer, and a short time entirely remove.

I believe you know that it was my intention to have recommended this practice to you, if not already adopted; and now I cannot feel satisfied without doing so; for if ever I was sure that I was giving good advice, I am sure of it in this instance; and I will, I must, most earnestly request your attention to it. Perhaps some of you might reply that, seldom feeling inclined to prayer, it would generally be a formal and heartless service; but this is the very reason why it must never be neglected.

This reluctance to spiritual engagements is what the best of Christians have to combat with; and it can only

be overcome by prayer. If, then, you are to wait till you are of yourselves so disposed, depend upon it, you would pass through life, and plunge into eternity in a prayerless state; and although you may often engage in private devotion with little feeling, and no apparent benefit, yet there is one certain advantage gained by it, namely, that the habit is strengthened; and as we are creatures of habit, and God has made us so, he requires us to avail ourselves of its important advantages.

If there is any one thing more than another, among the many privileges of a religious education, for which I feel thankful, it is the having been trained from my early years to retire, morning and evening, for this purpose. I found that a habit, thus early and strongly formed, was not easily broken through, notwithstanding all the vanity of my youthful years; and however much I have to lament the abuse of it, yet, if ever I have known any thing of religion, it is to the closet that I must trace it; and I believe that universal experience testifies that our comfort and progress in the divine life are entirely regulated by the punctuality and fervency of our engagements there.

There is no need that the exercise should be tedious; a short portion of Scripture read with thought, and a few simple sentences uttered with the whole heart, are far preferable to a much longer address, in which the same heartless phraseology is continually repeated. But as your desires enlarge, so will your petitions; and the more you are in earnest, the less liable you will be to fall into hackneyed and formal expressions.

There is another practice which, next to prayer and reading the Scriptures, I have found most profitable. I mean, reading, once every day, at the time either of morning or evening retirement, a few pages of some pious book—selecting, for this purpose, not the light productions of the day, but the writings of the most eminently useful and impressive authors. Christian biography also is peculiarly profitable.

This custom need not add more than ten minutes to the time of retirement; and it is, I think, one of the very best means for retaining a daily impression of serious things. Habit also (try it for one month, and see if it is not so) will render this pleasant, even though it should seem irksome at first. If you will excuse my entering

into such minute particulars (which I should not do on any other subject), I will add that the most advantageous time for the purposes I have recommended is not that of retiring for the night; drowsiness will generally invade us then; besides, few young people can be quite alone at that time, and a prayer said by the bed-side, with a companion present, is not, I might almost say, *cannot* be personal prayer. It is a good, I will call it a blessed custom, for a family to disperse to their respective places of retirement half an hour before supper.

Nor is it, you must be aware, from my own experience alone that I recommend it; for it is a practice which I know to be strictly observed by all my pious friends, and which I have remarked in every serious family in which I ever visited. As to the morning, it is highly desirable that it should take place before breakfast, as afterwards it interferes with other duties, and is in great danger of being quite neglected.

Besides, it is as essential to the health of the body as of the soul, to rise, at least, early enough for such a purpose. I fear I shall tire you, and will mention but one other thing, and that is, the advantage of a more particular improvement of sabbath evenings, as the time most suitable for longer retirement and deeper thoughtfulness than the engagements of other days will admit.

And let me affectionately recommend you early to seek to be engaged in some sphere of active usefulness. Doing good is the most excellent means of getting good. There is no mistake greater than to suppose that we are sent into the world only to attend, however industriously, to our own personal, or even family, interests. Love to our neighbor demands our active exertions in his behalf; and we are all required, more or less, "to go and work in the vineyard." We have all a talent intrusted to us; and what shall we say when our Lord comes, if we have not improved it?

LESSON LXXII.

The Aurora Borealis.

MR. DALTON, a distinguished meteorologist, who has paid particular attention to this subject, observes, that the appearances of an aurora borealis come under four different descriptions. First, a horizontal light like that of the morning. Secondly, fine, slender, luminous beams directed toward the zenith, in arcs of great circles; well defined, and of a dense light; sometimes apparently at rest, but oftener with a quick, lateral motion, and of a duration from fifteen seconds to one minute. Thirdly, flashes following the direction of the beams, but more diffuse, and of a weaker light, and growing fainter as they ascend, without a horizontal motion, sudden and momentary in their appearance, and repeated many times in a minute. Fourthly, arches nearly in the form of a rainbow, crossing the beams at right angles, and being concentric with the more permanent horizontal light, and tending towards the same points.

But one of the most remarkable circumstances attending this phenomenon, is, that it sometimes does not appear for many years together. It is but a little more than a century since it has been so frequent and conspicuous as to attract any considerable attention. No appropriate name was given to it by the ancient philosophers, and no very distinct account of it is to be found among their writings. In the book of Job we read, "Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds, but the wind passeth and cleanseth them. Fair weather cometh out of the north: with God is terrible majesty."

The original word here rendered *fair weather*, answers to the Latin word *aurum*, which is used figuratively for almost any thing of a bright gold-color, and especially for the light of the sun and other celestial phenomena. It will certainly bear to be rendered a *yellow light*, as well as *fair weather*; and, considered as referring to the aurora borealis, it agrees much better with the succeeding part of the verse—"with God is terrible majesty." Fair weather is rather emblematical of mildness and benignity than of terror; and with what propriety can it be said to

come from the north? We do not know that there are any meteorological appearances in oriental countries to warrant this construction.

We have accounts, by historians, of luminous appearances in the heavens under the name of *comets*, or the more general one of *portenta*; which answer much better to an aurora borealis, than to any comet of modern times. Justin relates that a comet appeared about 122 years before the Christian era, that filled about one fourth part of the heavens with its light, and that it occupied four hours in rising and setting. About 150 years before, we are told that a comet was seen, which spread itself like a forest over a third part of the heavens. We think, therefore, that the aurora borealis was known to the ancients, but was confounded with other phenomena, all of which were indistinctly described, and often probably much exaggerated.

Still it is very surprising that, after the revival of letters, and after the spirit of observation and inquiry had begun to be awakened, we meet with no record of any such phenomenon, till about two centuries and a half ago. The earliest account in English relates to one that appeared in 1560. From this time, they happened frequently for about ten years. For the next forty years, there are none on record. From 1620, for two or three years, there were several remarkable ones, and then no more for eighty years. This brings us down to the commencement of the eighteenth century, during which they have appeared at irregular intervals.

In the northern districts of Siberia, according to the description of Gmelin, cited and translated by Dr. Blagden, the aurora is observed to begin with single, bright pillars, rising in the north, and, almost at the same time, in the north-east, which, gradually increasing, comprehend a large space of the heavens, rush about from place to place with incredible velocity, and, finally, almost cover the whole sky up to the zenith, and produce an appearance as if a vast tent was expanded in the heavens, glittering with gold, rubies and sapphires.

A more beautiful spectacle cannot be painted. But, whoever should see such a northern light for the first time, could not behold it without terror. For, however fine the illumination may be, it is attended, as I have learned from

the relation of many persons, with such a hissing, crackling and rushing noise through the air, as if the largest fireworks were playing off. To describe what they then hear, they make use of an expression which signifies, "the raging host is passing." The hunters who pursue the white and blue foxes in the confines of the icy sea, are often overtaken in their course by these northern lights. Their dogs are then so much frightened that they will not move, but lie obstinately on the ground till the noise has passed.

The remarkable noise which, in this account, is said to attend the aurora borealis, deserves particular attention. It has been noticed by others, particularly by persons at Hudson's bay, and by the Greenland whale-fishers. Something of the kind has been perceived also in lower latitudes. Mr. Cavallo declares that he has repeatedly heard a crackling sound, proceeding from an aurora.

Mr. Nairne, the electrician, states, with great confidence, that, at a time when the northern lights were very remarkable in England, they were attended with a hissing or whizzing sound. Dr. Belknap, in his account of these lights as they appeared in New Hampshire in 1719, says, "In a calm night, and in the intervals between the gentle flaws of wind; an attentive ear, in a retired situation, may perceive it to be accompanied by a sound like that made by a silk handkerchief rubbed along the edge by a quick motion of the thumb and finger."

According to Dr. Halley, the northern lights proceed from sulphureous, self-luminous vapors, that rise out of the bowels of the earth. According to Euler, they are the reflection of the sun's light from particles of the condensed polar atmosphere, carried off to the distance of a thousand miles, or more, from the earth, by the impulse of the solar rays, and are of the nature of a comet's tail. According to Mairan, who wrote a full treatise on this subject, they are portions of the sun's atmosphere, driven from the earth's equator toward the poles by the centrifugal force, and consist of the same substance as the zodiacal light. According to Monge, they are light clouds illuminated by the rays of the sun that have undergone several reflections successively from different strata of clouds.

LESSON LXXIII.

Effects of Lightning.—M. GAY-LUSSAC.

THE noise of the thunder generally occasions much alarm, although the danger is then passed; it is over, indeed, on the appearance of the lightning, for any one struck by it neither sees the flash, nor hears the report. The noise is never heard till after the flash, and its distance may be estimated at so many times 1136 feet as there are seconds between the appearance of the lightning and the sound of the thunder.

Lightning often strikes solitary trees, because, rising to a great height, and burying their roots deep in the soil, they are true lightning-rods; and they are often fatal to the individuals who seek them for shelter, since they do not convey the lightning with sufficient rapidity to the ground, and are worse conductors than men and animals. When the lightning reaches the foot of the tree, it divides itself amongst the neighboring conductors, or strikes some in preference to others, according to circumstances. Sometimes it has been known to kill every animal that had sought shelter under the tree; at others, only a single one out of many has perished by the stroke.

A lightning-rod, on the contrary, well connected with the ground, is a certain security against the effects of lightning, which will never leave it to strike a person at its foot; though it would not be prudent to station one's self close to it, for fear of some accidental break in the conductor, or of its not being in perfect communication with the ground.

When the lightning strikes a house, it usually falls on the chimneys, either from their being the most elevated parts, or because they are lined with soot, which is a better conductor than dry wood, stone or brick. The neighborhood of the fireplace is consequently the most insecure spot in a room during a thunder-storm. It is best to station one's self in a corner opposite the windows, at a distance from every article of iron or other metal of any considerable size.

Persons are often struck by lightning without being killed; and others have been wholly saved from injury by

silk dresses, which serve to insulate the body, and prevent the access of the electric matter.

Both the bottom and top of a lightning-rod are sometimes made to terminate in several branches, and its efficacy is thus increased. It is also recommended to connect with the lightning-rod any large masses of iron that may be in the building, as metal pipes and gutters, iron braces, &c. ; without this precaution, the lightning might strike from the lightning-rod to the metal, especially if there happened to be any interruptions in the former, and thus occasion serious injury to the building, and danger to its inhabitants.

The experience of fifty years demonstrates that, when constructed with the requisite care, lightning-rods effectually secure the buildings on which they are placed from being injured by lightning. In the United States, where thunder-storms are more frequent and more formidable than they are in Europe, their use is become general ; a great number of buildings have been struck, and scarcely two are quoted as not having been saved from danger.

The apprehension of the more frequent fall of lightning on buildings provided with lightning-rods is unfounded ; for their influence extends to too small a distance to justify the idea that they determine the lightning of an electric cloud to discharge itself on the spot where they are erected. On the contrary, it appears certain, from observation, that buildings furnished with lightning-rods are not more frequently struck than formerly. Besides, the property of a lightning-rod to attract the lightning must also imply that of transmitting it freely to the ground, and thus no danger can arise as to the safety of the building.

LESSON LXXIV.

Attention to Clothing.—BRITISH ALMANAC.

A VERY striking fact, exhibited by the bills of mortality, is the very large proportion of persons who die of *consumption*. The number for 1827, in London, was 5372, being very nearly a fourth of the whole deaths of the year.

Nothing is more necessary to a comfortable state of

existence than that the body should be kept in nearly a uniform temperature. The almighty wisdom, which made the senses serve as instruments of pleasure for our gratification, and of pain for our protection, has rendered the feelings arising from excess or deficiency of heat so acute, that we instinctively seek shelter from the scorching heat and freezing cold. We bathe our limbs in the cool stream, or clothe our bodies with the warm fleece. We court the breeze, or carefully avoid it.

But no efforts to mitigate the injurious effects of heat or cold would avail us, if nature had not furnished us, in common with other animals (in the peculiar functions of the skin and lungs), with a power of preserving the heat of the body uniform, under almost every variety of temperature to which the atmosphere is liable. The skin, by increase of the perspiration, carries off the excess of heat; the lungs, by decomposing the atmosphere, supply the loss; so that the internal parts of the body are preserved at a temperature of about ninety-eight degrees, under all circumstances. In addition to the important share which the function of perspiration has in regulating the heat of the body, it serves the further purpose of an outlet to the constitution, by which it gets rid of matters that are no longer useful in its economy.

The three powers of the skin—perspiration, absorption and feeling—are so dependent on each other, that it is impossible for one to be deranged without the other two being also disordered. For if a man be exposed to a frosty atmosphere, in a state of inactivity, or without sufficient clothing, till his limbs become stiff and his skin insensible, the vessels that excite the perspiration, and the absorbent vessels, partake of the torpor that has seized on the nerves of feeling, nor will they regain their lost activity till the sensibility be completely restored. The danger of suddenly attempting to restore sensibility to frozen parts is well known. If the addition of warmth be not very gradual, the vitality of the part will be destroyed.

This consideration of the functions of the skin will, at once, point out the necessity of an especial attention, in a fickle climate, to the subject of clothing. Every one's experience must have shown him how extremely capricious the weather is in this country. Our experience of this great inconstancy in the temperature of the air ought to

have instructed us how to secure ourselves from its effects.

The chief end proposed by clothing ought to be protection from the cold; and it never can be too deeply impressed on the mind (especially of those who have the care of children), that a degree of cold that amounts to shivering cannot be felt, under any circumstances, without injury to the health; and that the strongest constitution cannot resist the benumbing influence of a sensation of cold constantly present, even though it be so moderate as not to occasion immediate complaint, or to induce the sufferer to seek protection from it. This degree of cold often lays the foundation of the whole host of chronic diseases, foremost amongst which are found scrofula and consumption.

Persons engaged in sedentary employments must be almost constantly under the influence of this degree of cold, unless the apartment in which they work is heated to a degree that subjects them, on leaving it, to all the dangers of a sudden transition, as it were, from summer to winter. The inactivity to which such persons are condemned, by weakening the body, renders it incapable of maintaining the degree of warmth necessary to comfort, without additional clothing or fire.

Under such circumstances, a sufficient quantity of clothing of a proper quality, with the apartment moderately warmed, and well ventilated, ought to be preferred, for keeping up the requisite degree of warmth, to any means of heating the air of the room so much as to render any increase of clothing unnecessary. To heat the air of an apartment much above the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, we must shut out the external air; the air also becomes extremely rarified and dry, which circumstances make it doubly dangerous to pass from it to the cold, raw, external air. But in leaving a moderately well warmed room, if properly clothed, the change is not felt; and the full advantage of exercise is derived from any opportunity of taking it that may occur.

The only kind of dress that can afford the protection required by the changes of temperature to which this climate is liable, is woollen. Nor will it be of much avail that woollen be worn, unless *so much* of it be worn, and it be *so* worn, as effectually to keep out the cold. Those

who would receive the advantage which the wearing woollen is capable of affording, must wear it next the skin; for it is in this situation only that its health-preserving power can be felt. The great advantages of *woollen cloth* are briefly these :—the readiness with which it allows the escape of the matter of perspiration through its texture—its power of preserving the sensation of warmth to the skin under all circumstances—the difficulty there is in making it thoroughly wet—the slowness with which it conducts heat—the softness, lightness and pliancy of its texture.

Cotton cloth, though it differs but little from linen, approaches nearer to the nature of woollen, and, on that account, must be esteemed as the next best substance of which clothing may be made.

Silk is the next in point of excellence, but it is very inferior to cotton in every respect.

Linen possesses the contrary of most of the properties enumerated as excellences in woollen. It retains the matter of perspiration in its texture, and speedily becomes imbued with it; it gives an unpleasant sensation of cold to the skin; it is very readily saturated with moisture, and it conducts heat too rapidly. It is, indeed, the *worst* of all the substances in use, being the least qualified to answer the purposes of clothing.



LESSON LXXV.

For the Children of a Sabbath School.—JANE TAYLOR.

COME, let our songs resound
Within these peaceful walls;
The light of knowledge shines around,
And e'en on us it falls.

Through God our Father's care,
Though we deserved it not,
Our lines in pleasant places are,
And goodly is our lot.

This cheerful morning sun,
That lights our happy plains,
Shines, ere its daily course is run,
Where heathen darkness reigns.

Before the dawn of day
On Britain's favored isle,
Downward he casts his burning ray
On many a pagan pile.

He saw the savage wild
Some idol's help implore ;
He saw the untaught Indian child
His painted gods adore.

Lord, let thy light, we pray,
On them, on us arise ;
For we are foolish, blind as they,
Till Jesus make us wise.

We learn thy blessed will,
We read thy holy word ;
Then may we thy commands fulfil,
Which others never heard.

LESSON LXXVI.

Wilberforce Richmond.

WILBERFORCE RICHMOND was the second son of the Rev. Legh Richmond of Turvey, Bedfordshire, England, and was born August 20, 1807. When a little more than two years old, he fell from a window, on the pavement, and, though he recovered from the accident, he was lame ever afterwards, and the natural delicacy of his constitution was probably increased by the injury he received at that time. This circumstance rendered him unfit for boyish sports, and compelled him to seek amusement in higher occupations.

His resource was the museum, and the experiments made by his father's philosophical apparatus. To these

he resorted when his other studies did not require his immediate attention. He had a playful temper, and, with great good-humor, would join his brothers in a gambol; but when alone, he was more like a little man than a child. He continued to study for three or four years, and made rapid proficiency under the guardianship of his father and other excellent tutors.

In 1824, he was attacked with a dangerous illness, which terminated in his death. A journey to Scotland was recommended, with a view to consult a celebrated physician. Mr. Richmond engaged a small cottage at Rothsay, in the isle of Bute, at a convenient distance from this physician's residence. From hence he made frequent excursions by sea and land, in the hope, by a change of scene and air, to check the progress of the disorder.

For a while, his health seemed to be improved, but it was soon discovered that there was no material amendment. For a few weeks, he was apparently restored; then the hectic fever flushed his cheek, he grew weaker, and sunk into depression.

In respect to his religious feelings, Wilberforce was very reserved. He shrank from personal conversation, though his thoughtful countenance exhibited traces of inward conflict, and need of help and comfort. During the six months following his return from Scotland, his soul was severely tried. He never spoke of death; but he must have been sensible of increasing inward decay. He was much alone, and when he returned from his closet to his family, the signs of sorrow and the traces of some deep mental conflict were frequently visible in his countenance.

In one of his letters is the following paragraph:—"I used once to love the rose, of all the flowers, the best; but it has now left me, and I turn to the lily; for it seems to betoken my approach to a world of purity; nor have I a wish for life, if Christ will receive one so unworthy."

Early in January, 1825, a considerable alteration was apparent. Death was evidently approaching. All reserve was now banished from his mind. He opened his whole heart to his father. He said that, for more than three months, he had never looked into any book but the Bible; that God's word had been his only study; and that, amidst

all his anxiety, often amounting to agony of mind, he could find no relief, either from religious books, or religious conversation; but was obliged to go to the Bible for every thing he wanted to know; that, whenever he opened the Bible, he turned verse after verse into prayer as he read; and that in so doing he felt a force, a sweetness and consolation passing all understanding.

"I have built," he would say, "all my hopes for eternity on God's word, which is unerring truth. I have found peace there, and have been sealed by the Spirit which indited that word, an earnest of the heavenly inheritance. It was without human aid, that I might give God the glory."

On one of his last days, he sent for several people in the village to come and bid him farewell. There was one old person for whom he had a special regard. She had been much with him in his childhood, and he used to tell her, "if he lived to be a man, and had a house of his own, she should come and keep it." He held out his hand to her affectionately, and, alluding to his promise, said, "I shall have no house in this world, Nanny, for you to come and keep; but I shall still have a house,—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." His countenance, as he spoke, assumed a singularly sweet and happy expression.

Wilberforce died on sabbath evening. The last words which he uttered were, "The rest which Christ gives is sweet." His father came in just in time to hear his last sigh. He raised Wilberforce's head on his arm, and contemplated it for a moment. The countenance looked placid, as if it had beheld the Saviour's face in righteousness, and was satisfied. The father pressed the lifeless body to his bosom, and burst into a flood of tears. At length, subduing his feelings, he said, "My child is a saint in glory."

He bid his family follow him to the study, that they might praise God for his mercy and loving kindness. He opened the Bible, and read the last two chapters of the book of Revelation, and knelt down and prayed. It was a moment not to be forgotten. He seemed so absorbed in the contemplation of his child's entrance into heaven, and its union with the spirits of the just made perfect, as

to be scarcely conscious of the presence of the family around him.

A vault was opened for Wilberforce in the church. An incident occurred which showed the affectionate sympathy of the people. The workmen had not completed the vault till past eleven o'clock at night, when they agreed to descend into it, and consecrate the place by prayer. The sepulchre of the dead became holy ground. They joined in praises to him who is the resurrection and life, and who has enlightened the grave by his own presence.

LESSON LXXVII.

The Brook and the Bird.—SARA STICKNEY.

BIRD.

LITTLE brook, that windest
On thy noisy way,
Tell me if thou findest
Pleasure all the day ?
Art thou ever roaming
Where the woods are green,
Thy bright waters foaming
Flowery banks between ?

BROOK.

No ! through distant meadows
I must on my way ;
Not for evening shadows
Would I wish to stay ;
Piercing, as I wander,
Many a silent cell,
While my streams meander
Through the gloomy dell.

BIRD.

When the winds are howling
O'er thy silver breast,
And the skies are scowling,
Findest thou no rest ?

Hast thou not a cavern
For thy nightly home,
Like a peaceful haven,
Where no wild winds come?

BROOK.

No; I never slumber,
Never want the light;
But I watch and number
Every star of night;
Marking all the beauty
Of the heavenly throng,
Mingling joy and duty,
As I glide along.

BIRD.

When the tempest, lowering
On the distant hills,
Sends the torrent pouring
Down thy gentle rills;
Art thou still believing
Storms will cease to be,
Never, never grieving
O'er the change in thee?

BROOK.

No; and for this reason
Will I know no fear—
Each returning season
Comes with every year.
Thus I'm never weary
Of the sleet and rain;
Winter winds are dreary,
But summer smiles again.

LESSON LXXVIII.

Broosa, the Capital of the Ancient Bithynia.—WILLIAM
GOODELL.

AFTER an hour's ride down the mountain-steeps, we came again upon the main road, from which we were separated on leaving the valley yesterday; and after passing one poor Mussulman village, and putting to flight a wolf, which we found in the forest, feeding on carrion by the side of the road, we came, in two hours more, to the brow of the mountain, and were able to look down upon the prodigious plain of Broosa.

I was astonished at our height above it, as our road during these two hours was, in general, level, or, at most, but gently ascending. The appearance of this plain is much like that of Nice, but it is of vastly greater extent, and is more thickly and beautifully spotted with trees and villages. Indeed, the deformities and imperfections, which a near view would not fail to discover, are, at this distance, and from this elevation, entirely concealed; and thus, over a surface varied by no inequalities, and extending as far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen spread out but *perfect loveliness*.

We were more than half an hour in descending to it, and near four hours more in passing along the edge of it as far as to Broosa. The whole plain must be near thirty miles long, and from ten to fifteen broad. It was probably once a lake, or rather an inland sea; but, except a small collection of water, which we saw still remaining at the upper part, it has been entirely filled up by the mass of substances washed down from the mountains. A multitude of impetuous torrents still rush down from high Olympus, carrying rocks, stones, trees and gravel to the plain below, and sometimes spreading desolation far and wide.

These were, in general, fordable at the time we passed; and they were pellucid as the clearest crystal. Mills are built upon them; abundant use is made of them for irrigating the lands; and abundant use might be made of them for all kinds of machinery. We passed through several villages on this plain, at one of which we were

presented with cherries, which were just beginning to be ripe. Our road lay along at the foot of mount Olympus, and, as we were now on our return to Constantinople, this giant-like mountain rose up on our left.

It was, at the time, covered with a dense cloud, reaching from its lofty summit nearly to its base, and exhibited a most grand and sublime spectacle. I could think of nothing but the blackness and darkness of Sinai, when it was altogether enveloped with smoke, and the thick clouds, that are round about Jehovah, hung with awful majesty upon it; while, in the present instance, the trunks or tops of the tall trees, which now and then showed themselves through the dark mist, whenever it became a little rarified, or was for a moment dissipated, seemed to represent the mighty angels, by whose "disposition" the law was given on that memorable occasion.

It is said that Broosa owes its origin to Hannibal. The ancient city was built on a high table land, which commanded the fertile plain. We rode up to an ancient palace, and to an ancient fortress and wall. Almost the whole ground within is now cut up into gardens; but several cannon are still mounted in the fort, from which is an extensive and beautiful prospect.

This table land is evidently of coral formation, of which I brought away some specimens; and it is not improbable that the whole of proud Olympus, towering with its snowy summit to the skies, is of the same formation. We now returned, and rode through Zundan Kapusy, or Prison Gate, up the steep sides of the mountain, to a still greater elevation, where, on a small table land, is a coffee-shop, situated near a gurgling fountain of water, under the shade of large platanus and walnut-trees—a place, of course, much frequented by the Osmanlies, who, being insensible neither to the beauties of nature, nor to lovely prospects, always choose the most delightful spots for spreading their carpets, and enjoying their pipes and coffee.

Here the view of the city and the immense plain below was most splendid. Here we could trace the double wall of the ancient city, which certainly did not comprise one half of the present, it having outgrown its former dimensions, and broken forth on the right hand and on the left. Here we could look down upon the caravansaries, the

mosques, the palaces and public buildings, and upon the gardens, fields of mulberry, and rich plain beyond, all abundantly watered "with the river of God, which is full of water."

I know not what this city was once, but certainly, next to Constantinople, it is now one of the most beautiful cities I have seen in the Ottoman empire. Here, within the unmeasured ridges, and from the unmeasurable profundities of the ever snow-crowned Olympus, hath the almighty hand cut out his hidden channels to enrich the plain below.

And through these "he sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field; the wild-asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches. He watereth the hills from his chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works." O, when shall some prophet of the Lord come amongst the inhabitants of this beautiful country, teaching them to lift up their hearts, with their hands, unto God in the heavens?

When shall some Paul teach them to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord? When shall the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace be seen upon the mountains, coming to bless every one of this people by turning them from dumb idols and worldly vanities, from fundamental errors and unmeaning and polluting rites and ceremonies, "to serve the living and the true God?"

LESSON LXXIX.

The Complaint of a forsaken Indian Woman.—WORDS-WORTH.

When a northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue; and if he is unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert, unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes

of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, Hearne's Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean. In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise. This circumstance is alluded to in the first stanza of the following poem.

BEFORE I see another day,
O let my body die away !
In sleep I heard the northern gleams ;
The stars were mingled with my dreams ;
In rustling conflict, through the skies,
I heard and saw the flashes drive ;
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive.
Before I see another day,
O let my body die away !

My fire is dead : it knew no pain :
Yet is it dead, and I remain.
All stiff with ice the ashes lie,
And they are dead, and I will die.
When I was well, I wished to live,
For clothes, for warmth, for food and fire ;
But they to me no joy can give,
No pleasure now, and no desire.
Then here contented will I lie !
Alone I cannot fear to die.

Alas! ye might have dragged me on
Another day, a single one !
Too soon I yielded to despair ;
Why did ye listen to my prayer ?
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger ;
And O how grievously I rue
That afterwards, a little longer,
My friends, I did not follow you !
For strong and without pain I lay,
My friends, when ye were gone away.

My child ! they gave thee to another,
A woman who was not thy mother.
When from my arms my babe they took,
On me how strangely did he look !

Through his whole body something ran,
 A most strange working did I see ;
 As if he strove to be a man,
 That he might pull the sledge for me.
 And then he stretched his arms, how wild !
 O mercy ! like a helpless child.

My little joy ! my little pride !
 In two days more I must have died.
 Then do not weep and grieve for me ;
 I feel I must have died with thee.
 O wind, that o'er my heart art flying
 The way my friends their course did bend,
 I should not feel the pain of dying,
 Could I with thee a message send !
 Too soon, my friends, ye went away ;
 For I had many things to say.

I'll follow you across the snow ;
 Ye travel heavily and slow ;
 In spite of all my weary pain,
 I'll look upon your tents again.
 My fire is dead, and snowy white
 The water which beside it stood ;
 The wolf has come to me to-night,
 And he has stolen away my food.
 Forever left alone am I :
 Then wherefore should I fear to die ?

LESSON LXXX.

An Economical Project.—DR. FRANKLIN:

The following article was written by Dr. Franklin, in Paris. A *livre tournois* is worth about eighteen cents, and a *louis*, about four dollars and thirty cents.

I WAS the other evening in a grand company, where the new lamp of Messrs. Quinquet and Lange was introduced, and much admired for its splendor ; but a general inquiry was made, whether the oil it consumed was not in proportion to the light it afforded, in which case there

would be no saving in the use of it. No one present could satisfy us in that point, which all agreed ought to be known, it being a very desirable thing to lessen, if possible, the expense of lighting our apartments, when every other article of family expense was so much augmented.

I was pleased to see this general concern for economy, for I love economy exceedingly.

I went home, and to bed, three or four hours after midnight, with my head full of the subject. An accidental, sudden noise waked me about six in the morning, when I was surprised to find my room filled with light; and I imagined, at first, that a number of those lamps had been brought into it: but, rubbing my eyes, I perceived the light came in at the windows. I got up and looked out, to see what might be the occasion of it, when I saw the sun just rising above the horizon, from whence he poured his rays plentifully into my chamber, my domestic having negligently omitted, the preceding evening, to close the shutters.

I looked at my watch, which goes very well, and found that it was but six o'clock; and still thinking it something extraordinary that the sun should rise so early, I looked into the almanac, where I found it to be the hour given for his rising on that day. I looked forward, too, and found he was to rise still earlier every day till towards the end of June; and that at no time in the year he retarded his rising so long as till eight o'clock. My readers who, with me, have never seen any signs of sunshine before noon, and seldom regard the astronomical part of the almanac, will be as much astonished as I was, when they hear of his rising so early; and especially when I assure them *that he gives light as soon as he rises*. I am convinced of this. I am certain of my fact. One cannot be more certain of any fact. I saw it with my own eyes. And, having repeated this observation the three following mornings, I found always precisely the same result.

Yet so it happens, that when I speak of this discovery to others, I can easily perceive, by their countenances, though they forbear expressing it in words, that they do not quite believe me. One, indeed, who is a learned natural philosopher, has assured me that I must certainly be mistaken as to the circumstance of the light coming

into my room ; for, it being well known, as he says, that there could be no light abroad at that hour, it follows that none could enter from without ; and that, of consequence, my windows, being accidentally left open, instead of letting in the light, had only served to let out the darkness ; and he used many ingenious arguments to show me how I might, by that means, have been deceived. I own that he puzzled me a little, but he did not satisfy me ; and the subsequent observations I made, as above mentioned, confirmed me in my first opinion.

This event has given rise, in my mind, to several serious and important reflections. I considered that, if I had not been awakened so early in the morning, I should have slept six hours longer by the light of the sun, and in exchange have lived six hours the following night by candle-light ; and the latter being a much more expensive light than the former, my love of economy induced me to muster up what little arithmetic I was master of, and to make some calculations, which I shall give you, after observing that utility is, in my opinion, the test of value in matters of invention, and that a discovery which can be applied to no use, or is not good for something, is good for nothing.

I took, for the basis of my calculation, the supposition that there are one hundred thousand families in Paris, and that these families consume in the night half a pound of candles per hour. I think this is a moderate allowance, taking one family with another ; for though I believe some consume less, I know that many consume a great deal more. Then, estimating seven hours per day as the medium quantity between the time of the sun's rising and ours, he rising, during the six following months, from six to eight hours before noon, and there being seven hours, of course, per night, in which we burn candles, the account will stand thus :—

In the six months between the twentieth of March and the twentieth of September, there are nights, one hundred and eighty-three ; hours of each night in which we burn candles, seven ; multiplication gives for the total number of hours, one thousand two hundred and eighty-one ; these one thousand two hundred and eighty-one hours, multiplied by one hundred thousand, the number of families, give one hundred twenty-eight millions and one hundred

thousand ; one hundred twenty-eight millions and one hundred thousand hours spent at Paris by candle-light, which, at half a pound of wax and tallow per hour, gives the weight of sixty-four millions and fifty thousand ; sixty-four millions and fifty thousand of pounds, which, estimating the whole at the medium price of thirty sols the pound, makes the sum of ninety-six millions and seventy-five thousand livres tournois.

An immense sum ! that the city of Paris might save every year, by the economy of using sunshine instead of candles.

If it should be said that people are apt to be obstinately attached to old customs, and that it will be difficult to induce them to rise before noon, consequently my discovery can be of little use—I answer, *Never despair*. I believe all who have common sense, as soon as they have learned from this paper that it is daylight when the sun rises, will contrive to rise with him ; and, to compel the rest, I would propose the following regulations :—

First. Let a tax be laid, of a louis per window, on every window that is provided with shutters to keep out the light of the sun.

Second. Let the same salutary operation of police be made use of to prevent our burning candles, that inclined us last winter to be more economical in burning wood ; that is, let guards be placed in the shops of the wax and tallow-chandlers, and no family be permitted to be supplied with more than one pound of candles per week.

Third. Let guards also be posted to stop all the coaches, &c. that would pass the streets after sunset, except those of physicians and surgeons.

Fourth. Every morning, as soon as the sun rises, let all the bells in every church be set ringing ; and, if that is not sufficient, let cannon be fired in every street, to wake the sluggards effectually, and make them open their eyes to see their true interest.

All the difficulty will be in the first two or three days : after which the reformation will be as natural and easy as the present irregularity. Oblige a man to rise at four in the morning, and it is more than probable he shall go willingly to bed at eight in the evening ; and, having had eight hours sleep, he will rise more willingly at four the

morning following. But this sum of ninety-six millions and seventy-five thousand livres is not the whole of what may be saved by my economical project. You may observe that I have calculated upon only one half of the year, and much may be saved in the other, though the days are shorter. Besides, the immense stock of wax and tallow left unconsumed during the summer will probably make candles much cheaper for the ensuing winter, and continue them cheaper as long as the proposed reformation shall be supported.

For the great benefit of this discovery, thus freely communicated and bestowed by me on the public, I demand neither place, pension, exclusive privilege, nor any other reward whatever. I expect only to have the honor of it. And yet I know there are little, envious minds, who will, as usual, deny me this, and say that my invention was known to the ancients, and perhaps they may bring passages out of the old books in proof of it. I will not dispute with these people that the ancients knew not the sun would rise at certain hours; they possibly had, as we have, almanacs that predicted it; but it does not follow from thence that they knew *he gave light as soon as he rose*. This is what I claim as my discovery.

If the ancients knew it, it might have been long since forgotten, for it certainly was unknown to the moderns, at least to the Parisians, which to prove I need use but one plain, simple argument. They are as well instructed, judicious and prudent a people as exist anywhere in the world, all professing, like myself, to be lovers of economy; and, from the many heavy taxes required from them by the necessities of the state, have surely an abundant reason to be economical. I say it is impossible that so sensible a people, under such circumstances, should have lived so long by the smoky, unwholesome and enormously expensive light of candles, if they had really known that they might have had as much pure light of the sun for nothing.

LESSON LXXXI.

A Curious Instrument.—JANE TAYLOR.

A GENTLEMAN, just returned from a journey to London, was surrounded by his children, eager, after the first salutations were over, to hear the news; and still more eager to see the contents of a small portmanteau, which were, one by one, carefully unfolded and displayed to view. After distributing amongst them a few small presents, the father took his seat again, saying, that he must confess he had brought from town, for his own use, something far more curious and valuable than any of the little gifts they had received.—It was, he said, too good to present to any of them; but he would, if they pleased, first give them a brief description of it, and then perhaps they might be allowed to inspect it.

The children were accordingly all attention, while the father thus proceeded: "This small instrument displays the most perfect ingenuity of construction, and exquisite nicety and beauty of workmanship: from its extreme delicacy, it is so liable to injury, that a sort of light curtain, adorned with a beautiful fringe, is always provided, and so placed as to fall in a moment on the approach of the slightest danger. Its external appearance is always more or less beautiful: yet in this respect there is a great diversity in the different sorts:—but the internal contrivance is the same in all of them, and is so extremely curious, and its powers so truly astonishing, that no one who considers it can suppress his surprise and admiration. By a slight and momentary movement, which is easily effected by the person it belongs to, you can ascertain with considerable accuracy the size, color, shape, weight and value of any article whatever. A person possessed of one is thus saved from the necessity of asking a thousand questions, and trying a variety of troublesome experiments, which would otherwise be necessary; and such a slow and laborious process would, after all, not succeed half so well as a single application of this admirable instrument."

George. If they are such very useful things, I wonder that every body, that can at all afford it, does not have one.

Father. They are not so uncommon as you may sup-

pose : I myself happen to know several individuals who are possessed of one or two of them.

Charles. How large is it, father ? could I hold it in my hand ?

Father. You might ; but I should be very sorry to trust mine with you !

George. You will be obliged to take very great care of it, then !

Father. Indeed I must : I intend every night to enclose it within the small screen I mentioned ; and it must besides occasionally be washed in a certain colorless fluid kept for the purpose ; but this is such a delicate operation, that persons, I find, are generally reluctant to perform it. But, notwithstanding the tenderness of this instrument, you will be surprised to hear that it may be darted to a great distance, without the least injury, and without any danger of losing it.

Charles. Indeed ! and how high can you dart it ?

Father. I should be afraid of telling you to what a distance it will reach, lest you should think I am jesting with you.

George. Higher than this house, I suppose ?

Father. Much higher.

Charles. Then how do you get it again ?

Father. It is easily cast down by a gentle movement, that does it no injury.

George. But who can do this ?

Father. The person whose business it is to take care of it.

Charles. Well, I cannot understand you at all ; but do tell us, father, what it is chiefly used for.

Father. Its uses are so various that I know not which to specify. It has been found very serviceable in deciphering old manuscripts ; and, indeed, has its use in modern prints. It will assist us greatly in acquiring all kinds of knowledge ; and without it some of the most sublime parts of creation would have been matters of mere conjecture. It must be confessed, however, that very much depends on a proper application of it ; being possessed by many persons who appear to have no adequate sense of its value, but who employ it only for the most low and common purposes, without even thinking, apparently, of the noble uses for which it is designed, or of the exquisite gratifications it

is capable of affording. It is, indeed, in order to excite in your minds some higher sense of its value than you might otherwise have entertained, that I am giving you this previous description.

George. Well, then, tell us something more about it.

Father. It is of a very penetrating quality; and can often discover secrets which could be detected by no other means. It must be owned, however, that it is equally prone to reveal them.

Charles. What! can it speak, then?

Father. It is sometimes said to do so, especially when it happens to meet with one of its own species.

George. What color are they?

Father. They vary considerably in this respect.

George. What color is yours?

Father. I believe of a darkish color; but, to confess the truth, I never saw it in my life.

Both. Never saw it in your life!

Father. No, nor do I wish; but I have seen a representation of it, which is so exact that my curiosity is quite satisfied.

George. But why don't you look at the thing itself?

Father. I should be in great danger of losing it if I did.

Charles. Then you could buy another.

Father. Nay, I believe I could not prevail upon any body to part with such a thing.

George. Then how did you get this one?

Father. I am so fortunate as to be possessed of more than one: but how I got them I really cannot recollect.

Charles. Not recollect! why, you said you brought them from London to-night!

Father. So I did; I should be sorry if I had left them behind me.

Charles. Tell, father, do tell us, the name of this curious instrument.

Father. It is called—an EYE.

LESSON LXXXII.

To William, written by a Bereaved Father.—PEABODY.

It seems but yesterday, my love, thy little heart beat high;
And I had almost scorned the voice that told me thou
must die.

I saw thee move with active bound, with spirits wild and
free,
And infant grace and beauty gave their glorious charm to
thee.

Far on the sunny plains, I saw thy sparkling footsteps fly,
Firm, light and graceful as the bird that cleaves the morn-
ing sky;
And often, as the playful breeze waved back thy shining
hair,
Thy cheek displayed the red rose tint that Health had
painted there.

And then, in all my thoughtlessness, I could not but rejoice,
To hear upon the morning wind the music of thy voice,—
Now echoing in the rapturous laugh, now sad almost to
tears:—

'Twas like the sounds I used to hear in old and happier
years.

Thanks for that memory to thee, my little lovely boy,—
That memory of my youthful bliss, which Time would
fain destroy.

I listened as the mariner suspends the out-bound oar,
To taste the farewell gale that breathes from off his native
shore.

So gentle in thy loveliness!—alas! how could it be,
That Death would not forbear to lay his icy hand on thee?
Nor spare thee yet a little while, in childhood's opening
bloom,
While many a sad and weary soul was longing for the
tomb?

Was mine a happiness too pure for erring man to know ?
 Or why did Heaven so soon destroy my paradise below ?
 Enchanting as the vision was, it sunk away as soon
 As when, in quick and cold eclipse, the sun grows dark
 at noon.

I loved thee, and my heart was blessed ; but, ere that day
 was spent,
 I saw thy light and graceful form in drooping illness bent ;
 And shuddered as I cast a look upon thy fainting head ;
 The mournful cloud was gathering there, and life was
 almost fled

Days passed ; and soon the seal of death made known
 that hope was vain ;
 I knew the swiftly-wasting lamp would never burn again ;
 The cheek was pale ; the snowy lips were gently thrown
 apart ;
 And life, in every passing breath, seemed gushing from
 the heart.

I knew those marble lips to mine should never more be
 pressed,
 And floods of feeling, undefined, rolled wildly o'er my
 breast ;
 Low, stifled sounds, and dusky forms, seemed moving in
 the gloom,
 As if Death's dark array were come to bear thee to the
 tomb.

And when I could not keep the tear from gathering in
 my eye,
 Thy little hand pressed gently mine in token of reply ;
 To ask one more exchange of love, thy look was upward
 cast,
 And in that long and burning kiss thy happy spirit passed.

I never trusted to have lived to bid farewell to thee,
 And almost said, in agony, it ought not so to be ;
 I hoped that thou within the grave my weary head shouldst
 lay,
 And live beloved, when I was gone, for many a happy day.

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying eyes to close ;
 And almost envied, in that hour, thy calm and deep repose ;
 For I was left in loneliness, with pain and grief oppressed,
 And thou wast with the sainted, where the weary are at
 rest.

Yes, I am sad and weary now ; but let me not repine
 Because a spirit, loved so well, is earlier blessed than mine ;
 My fate may darken as it will, I shall not much deplore,
 Since thou art where the ills of life can never reach thee
 more.

LESSON LXXXIII.

Duties of a Farmer.—GEORGE B. EMERSON.

THE pursuit which occupies the greatest number of persons, in a civilized state, and which is essential to the subsistence of men in a social community, is the cultivation of the earth, or agriculture.

This includes the raising of all kinds of vegetables for the food of man and other creatures that depend on him ; the rearing of cattle, horses, and other domestic animals ; the management of the dairy ; the preparation of fruits and their juices, such as the making of cider ; the planting and preservation of fruit and forest trees, and whatever else is necessary to the bringing to perfection the productions of the earth. It is commonly supposed, that very little information is necessary to enable a man to conduct the business of a farm. But to be an intelligent and successful husbandman, requires no trifling acquisitions.

He must understand the nature and management of soils. Without this knowledge, he cannot be sure that he tills his ground on right principles, or applies the different soils to their right uses. He ought, therefore, to be acquainted with chemistry,* which treats of the nature and qualities of soil. Chemistry will also give him much valuable information upon the qualities of milk, and the processes of making

* The word *chemistry* is derived from an Arabic word, signifying the *secret science*. It was early cultivated by the Arabians, who sought thereby for the means of prolonging life, and converting inferior metals into gold.

butter and cheese ; upon the management of fruits, and the modes of making cider and perry ; and upon the preparing and applying of manures. So that some knowledge of it should be considered indispensable to the well-informed farmer.

Indeed, without a knowledge of chemistry, a farmer cannot avail himself of the advantages of his situation. There are often to be found, beneath the surface of the ground, clays, marls, and other substances, which, when properly applied, are excellent manures. The knowledge of chemistry will assist in finding and applying them.

Then the farmer should be well acquainted with the mode of growth, and the diseases, of the different kinds of vegetables, grains and fruits which he cultivates. He will otherwise often waste his labor in attempting to cultivate a plant upon soil which does not yield it proper food, or lose his crop from not knowing what remedy to apply, to remove an evil which he does not understand.

He should know how to breed horses, cattle, sheep, swine, &c., so as to stock his farm with animals of the best breeds ; to prevent or heal diseases among them ; to improve the breeds, and to do all profitably. He must, therefore, not be ignorant of that part of natural history which relates particularly to these animals.

There is a branch of culture which has been much neglected in this country, but which is very important, and deserves to be attended to : this is the management of forest trees. There are now throughout New England, large tracts of land, which are very valuable only while covered with trees. The forests, in many parts, are disappearing, and new ones are not often planted to take their place. This was once the case with Scotland ; and the destruction of its forests is, at this day, lamented as a national misfortune. Many animals and delicate plants are supposed not to flourish so readily in an open country, as in one protected by trees ; rain is thought not to fall so beneficially, nor the lightning, that mighty but beneficent agent, to do its office so gently, as when it is drawn from the clouds, gradually, by these natural attractors. In our burning summers, too, shade is sweet to man and beast. Against the fury of the north-west wind, what a barrier is presented by a grove of old oak trees ! I say nothing of the value of fuel and timber ; and yet, for these alone, a growing forest, even if

left to itself, and much more if taken care of, is like money at interest.

Let the landholders of New England hesitate before they throw away so many advantages, which they now hold in their possession, in the forests that cover their hills.

Forest trees, like every thing else, are improved by care; the less useful trees may be removed, and the more valuable ones favored. In some cases, foreign trees might, with advantage, be introduced; in many, the health and growth of the native kinds be improved. To do these things successfully, would require a particular study of the character and habits of the trees to be cultivated.

In the last place, it may be said of a husbandman, what may, indeed, be said of almost every man,—that he can hardly be strictly honest, and do exact justice to himself and his neighbor, without the practice of *keeping accounts*. He must have a memory which never fails, to be sure that he has paid what he owes, and demanded what is due to him, if he trusts to his memory alone. The practice, moreover, will be of great use to him in his husbandry. The only sure way of knowing whether one crop is more or less profitable than another, is to keep an account with each crop, as if it were a person, to charge all it costs, and credit all it yields.

A farmer should, therefore, be familiar with arithmetic and accounts, and should know something of chemistry and the natural history of the common plants and animals. As he is often called to superintend mechanical operations on his farm, and to judge of improvements in ploughs and other implements, he should not be ignorant of mechanics.

LESSON LXXXIV.

Man and Animals.—JANE TAYLOR.

Mr. F. and his children were walking, one summer's evening, in what were familiarly called the high woods. A narrow path conducted them through the underwood, where straggling branches of the wild rose intercepted them at every step; the rich and variegated stems of the forest trees were illumined here and there in bright spots,

by golden beams of the setting sun, which streamed through the interstices of the massy foliage. Swarms of merry gnats danced in the open spaces of the wood; birds of every note sang, in uninterrupted gladness, amid its deep recesses; the nimble squirrel was observed occasionally leaping from bough to bough; and the timid eye of the wild rabbit was seen peeping from behind the roots of the trees, and then, swiftly disappearing, she escaped into her inaccessible fortresses. How happy are young people, whose taste is raised to the enjoyment of these elevated and simple pleasures, and who find, in their parents, intelligent friends, capable of cultivating this taste, of inspiring and guiding their love of knowledge, and of giving a right direction to both!

The liberty and happiness evidently enjoyed by the various little inhabitants of these woods, gave a turn to the evening's conversation, as the party returned home.

"I think," says little Joe, "that if I were going to be changed into any thing else, I should like best to be a rabbit, and to live in the woods; they seem so happy and comfortable here."

Father. Can you tell me, Joe, what is the greatest difference between you and a rabbit?

Joe. Why, papa, we are as different as can be. Rabbits have got long ears, and four legs, and are covered all over with soft hair.

Father. So far, then, the rabbit seems to have the advantage of you, for it can run faster with four legs than you can with only two; and its long ears enable it to hear more acutely; and it has a warm dress, ready made, without any trouble or expense. Now, can you think of any thing in which you are better off than the rabbit?

Joe was such a very little boy, that he could not think of any thing; but his brother Edward soon answered for him, saying, "Why, we are better off than rabbits almost in every thing; we can talk, and laugh, and read, and write, and learn Latin."

Father. It is true the rabbit cannot do these things; but then she is quite independent of them, for she answers all the purposes of her existence perfectly well without their assistance. Richard, can you give us a more accurate account of the difference between man and animals?

Richard. I suppose, papa, the chief difference is our having reason, and they only instinct.

Father. But in order to understand what we mean by the terms *reason* and *instinct*, I think three things may be mentioned, in which the difference very distinctly appears.

Richard. What are they, papa?

Father. Let us first, to bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, consider man in a savage state, wholly occupied, like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature; and here the first distinction that appears between him and the creatures around him, is *the use of implements*.

Richard. Ah, I should never have thought of that.

Father. When the savage provides himself with a hut, or a crawl, or a wigwam, for shelter, or that he may store up his provision, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species. But the man cannot make any progress in this work without something like tools, however rude and simple in their form; he must provide himself with an axe, even before he can lop down a tree for its timber; whereas these animals form their burrows, their cells or their nests, with the most mathematical nicety, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In cultivating the ground, also, man can do nothing without a spade or a plough; nor can he reap what he has sown, till he has shaped an instrument with which to cut down his harvests. But the animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

Edward. Then, here again, the animals are the best off.

Father. That is not our present inquiry; now for the second distinction: Man, in all his operations, *makes mistakes*; animals make none.

Edward. Do animals never make mistakes?

Father. Why, Edward, did you ever see such a thing, or hear of such a thing, as a little bird sitting disconsolate on a twig, lamenting over her half-finished nest, and puzzling her little poll to know how to complete it? Did you ever see the cells of a bee-hive in clumsy, irregular shapes, or observe any thing like a discussion in the little community, as if there was a difference of opinion amongst the architects?

The boys laughed, and owned they had never heard of such a thing.

Father. Animals are even better physicians than we

are, for when they are ill, they will, many of them, seek out some particular herb, which they do not use as food, and which possesses a medicinal quality exactly suited to the complaint. Whereas the whole college of physicians will dispute for a century, and not at last agree, upon the virtues of a single drug. Man undertakes nothing in which he is not, more or less, puzzled; he must try numberless experiments before he can bring his undertakings to any thing like perfection; and these experiments imply a succession of *mistakes*. Even the simplest operations of domestic life are not well performed without some *experience*; and the term of man's life is half wasted before he has done with his mistakes, and begins to profit by his lessons.

Edward. Then, papa, how is it? for, after all, we *are* better than animals.

Father. Observe, then, our third distinction, which is, that animals make no *improvements*; while the knowledge, and the skill, and the success of man are perpetually on the increase. The inventions and discoveries of one generation are, through the medium of literature, handed down to succeeding ones; so that the accumulated experience of all former ages and nations is ready for our use, before we begin to think and act for ourselves. The result of which is, that the most learned and ingenious amongst the ancient philosophers, Aristotle or Archimedes, might learn, in an hour, from a modern school-boy, more than the laborious study of their lives could enable them to discover.

Richard. Well, I am glad we have thought of something, at last, to prove that men are wiser than rabbits.

Father. Herein appears the difference between what we call instinct and reason. Animals, in all their operations, follow the first impulse of nature, or that invariable law which God has implanted in them. In all they do undertake, therefore, their works are more perfect and regular than those of men. But man having been endowed with the faculty of thinking or reasoning about what he does, although (being an imperfect and fallible creature) this liberty exposes him to mistake, and is perpetually leading him into error, yet, by patience, perseverance and industry, and by long experience, he at last achieves what angels may, perhaps, behold with admiration. A bird's nest is, indeed, a perfect and beautiful structure; yet the

nest of a swallow of the nineteenth century is not at all more commodious or elegant than those that were built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare,—I will not say Adam's bower, for that was doubtless in the finest style of nature's own architecture,—but if we compare the wigwam of the North American Indian, with the temples and palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what man's *mistakes*, rectified and improved upon, conduct him. Animals can provide for their wants, and for those of their offspring, with the utmost adroitness; and just so much, and no more, did their antediluvian ancestry; while man, after having provided for his first necessities, emerging gradually from the savage state, begins to cultivate poetry and music, proceeds to the knowledge of arts and sciences, unknown and unthought of by his rude forefathers, till (in humble imitation of the works of God himself) he gives exquisite construction to the rudest materials which nature has left for his use; supplying those artificial wants and wishes, for which it was beneath her dignity to provide; and, while his hand thus executes all that is ingenious and beautiful, his thought glances at all that is magnificent and sublime.

LESSON LXXXV.

Equality of the African Race.—ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

WE are sometimes told that the African is a degraded member of the human family,—that a man with a dark skin and curled hair is, necessarily, as such, incapable of improvement and civilization, and condemned, by the vice of his physical conformation, to vegetate forever in a state of hopeless barbarism. I reject, with contempt and indignation, this miserable heresy. In replying to it, the friends of truth and humanity have not hitherto done justice to the argument. In order to prove that the blacks were capable of intellectual efforts, they have painfully collected a few imperfect specimens of what some of them have done in this way, even in the degraded condition which they occupy at present in Christendom. This is not the way to treat the subject. Go back to an earlier period in the history of our race.

See what the blacks were, and what they did, three thousand years ago, in the period of their greatness and glory, when they occupied the fore front in the march of civilization,—when they constituted, in fact, the whole civilized world of their time. Trace this very civilization, of which we are so proud, to its origin, and see where you will find it. We received it from our European ancestors: they had it from the Greeks and Romans, and the Jews. But where did the Greeks, the Romans and the Jews get it? They derived it from Ethiopia and Egypt,—in one word—from Africa. Moses, we are told, was instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians. The founders of the principal Grecian cities—such as Athens, Thebes and Delphi—came from Egypt, and, for centuries afterwards, their descendants returned to that country, as the source and centre of civilization.

There it was that the generous and stirring spirits of the time—Herodotus, Homer, Plato, Pythagoras, and the rest—made their noble voyages of intellectual and moral discovery, as ours now make them in England, France, Germany and Italy. The Egyptians were the masters of the Greeks and Jews, and consequently of all the modern nations, in civilization; and they had carried it very nearly as far—in some respects, perhaps, a good deal farther—than any subsequent people. The ruins of the Egyptian temples laugh to scorn the architectural monuments of any other part of the world. They will be, what they are now, the delight and admiration of travellers from all quarters, when the grass is growing on the sites of St. Peter's and St. Paul's,—the present pride of Rome and London.

Well, who were the Egyptians? They were Africans. And of what race? It is sometimes pretended that, though Africans, and of Ethiopian extraction, they were not black. But what says the father of history—who had travelled among them, and knew their appearance as well as we know that of our neighbors in Canada? Herodotus tells you that the Egyptians were blacks, with curled hair. Some writers have undertaken to dispute his authority, but I cannot bring myself to believe that the father of history did not know black from white. It seems, therefore, that, for this very civilization, of which we are so proud, and which is the only ground of our present claim

of superiority, we are indebted to the ancestors of these very blacks, whom we are pleased to consider as naturally incapable of civilization.

So much for the supposed inferiority of the colored race, and their incapacity to make any progress in civilization and improvement. And it is worth while to remark, that the prejudice which is commonly entertained in this country, but which does not exist to any thing like the same extent in Europe, against the color of the blacks, seems to have grown out of the unnatural position which they occupy among us. At the period to which I just alluded, when the blacks took precedence of the whites in civilization, science and political power, no such prejudice appears to have existed. The early Greek writers speak of the Ethiopians and Egyptians as a superior variety of the species: superior, not merely in intellectual and moral qualities, but, what may seem to be much more remarkable, in outward appearance.

The Ethiopians, says Herodotus, excel all other nations in longevity, stature and personal beauty. The black prince, Memnon, who served among the Trojan auxiliaries at the siege of Troy (probably an Egyptian prince), is constantly spoken of by the Greek and Latin writers, as a person of extraordinary beauty, and is qualified as the son of Aurora, or the Morning. There are, in short, no traces of any prejudice whatever against the color of the blacks, like that which has grown up in modern times, and which is obviously the result of the relative condition of the two races.

This prejudice forms, at present, as was correctly observed by president Madison, in one of his speeches in the late Virginia convention, the chief obstacle to the practical improvement of the condition of that portion of them who reside in this country. If they were of the same race with ourselves, the process of emancipation would be rapid, and almost imperceptible, as happened in Europe, when the mass of the population passed, in the course of two or three centuries, from a state of villenage to that of personal independence, with so little trouble or commotion, that there are scarcely traces enough left, in the history of the times, to inform us of the means by which the change was immediately accomplished.

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